

SCREENLAND

August
15¢



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"RIVER LADY" NOVELIZED

Does it pay a girl to be honest with men? ★ Esther Williams
MAKE YOUR SUMMER ROMANCE LAST! SAYS TURHAN BEY

No other Lipstick has all these features

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius Says...

"The Modern Woman, just as the Screen Stars, needs a lipstick that is not only keyed to her own coloring, but that enhances her beauty with every costume she wears. With these three lipstick shades, she can be at her best all the time."

JOAN LESLIE

Culver Productions Star
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MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD



Clear Red • Blue Red • Rose Red

3 Shades for
your type.

Three exciting Reds to
flatter you...a shade for
every costume change.

Smoother
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New superfine tex-
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softer, more alluring.

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The color stays on-
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THREE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE
correct for your coloring...correct for your costume

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REDHEADS



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Yes...a lipstick that has everything!..
features until now only dreamed of,
created for you by the genius of Max
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see and feel the thrilling difference.

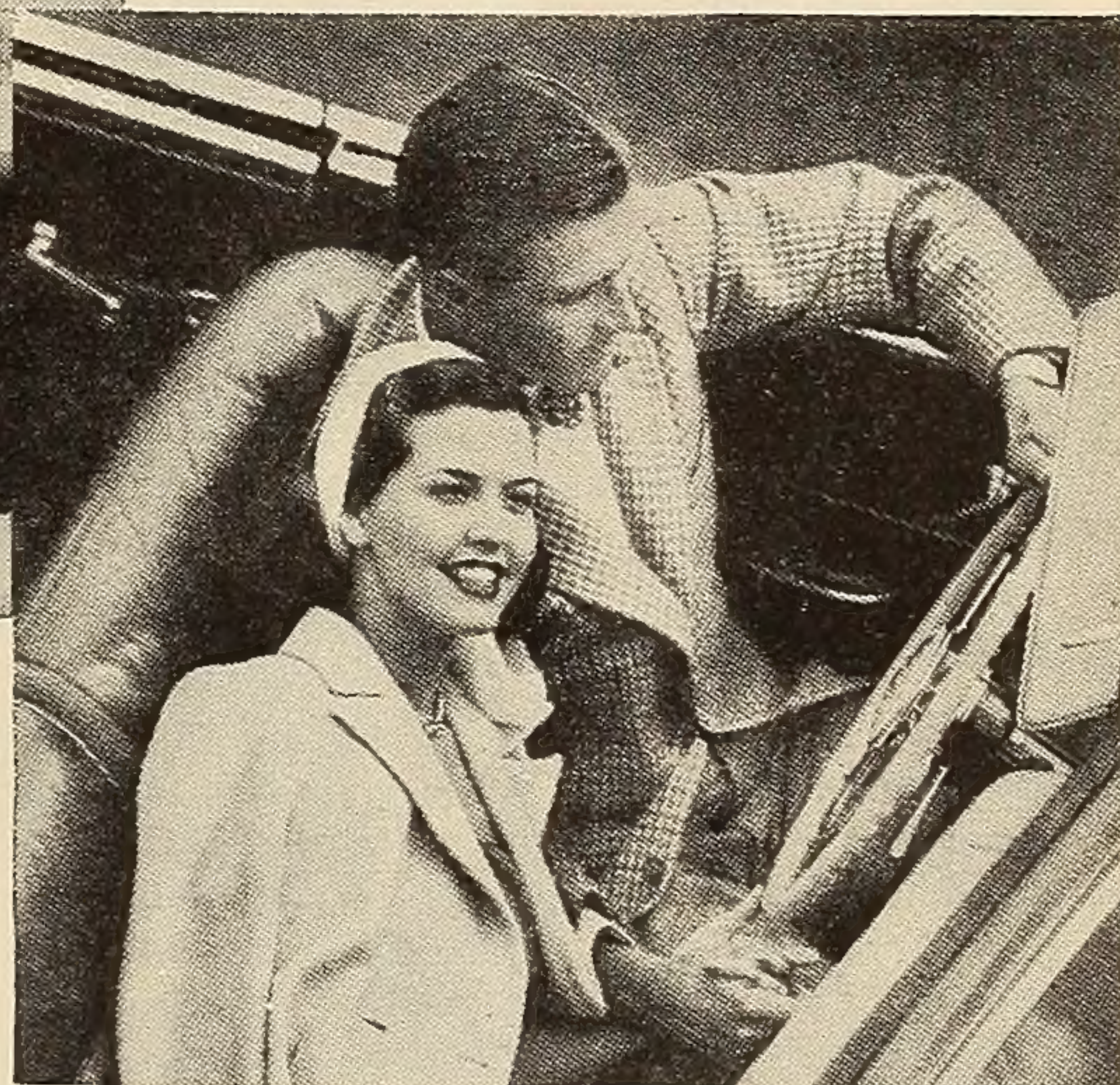
Max Factor
Hollywood

"Dates are Such Fun!"

says this sparkling junior model

And cover-girl Louise Hyde's crowded date-life owes plenty to her Ipana smile!

Having a high time is no novelty for luscious New Yorker, Louise Hyde. A radiant personality with a radiant Ipana smile, 20-year-old Louise is a top-flight Thornton model. And as for *dates*—Louise has a calendarful. Her smile is a magnet for the lads! For a date-winning smile of your own, follow Louise's "model" dental routine: Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage. Get a tube of Ipana today!



Under the spell of Louise's enchanting smile, her handsome date, Bill Looch, dreams as he drives. Clever Louise—to guard that date-bait smile with Ipana! For more dentists recommend and use Ipana than any other tooth paste, a recent national survey shows.



Air-minded. Louise is learning the know-how of flying. But she doesn't need coaching in care of her teeth and gums. She knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So she never misses her Ipana dental care!



This is fun, too! Louise loves Ipana's livelier flavor—the way it leaves her mouth refreshed, her breath sweet. Try Ipana! And follow *your* dentist's advice about gum massage. (9 out of 10 dentists recommend massage regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey.)

*Ipana Tooth Paste
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Product of Bristol-Myers

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

SCREENLAND

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First Run Features



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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

THE HAPPIEST MUSICAL
EVER MADE IS

IRVING BERLIN'S

EASTER PARADE

MGM

color by
TECHNICOLOR
starring

JUDY GARLAND
FRED ASTAIRE

Peter LAWFORD Ann MILLER

Lyrics and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Musical Numbers Directed by

ROBERT ALTON

Directed by

CHARLES WALTERS

Produced by

ARTHUR FREED

Screen Play by
SIDNEY SHELDON, FRANCES GOODRICH
and ALBERT HACKETT
Original Story by
FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SCREENLAND

Gentlemen



Prefer Girls

(BLONDES • BRUNETTES • REDHEADS)



with
Color Bright Hair



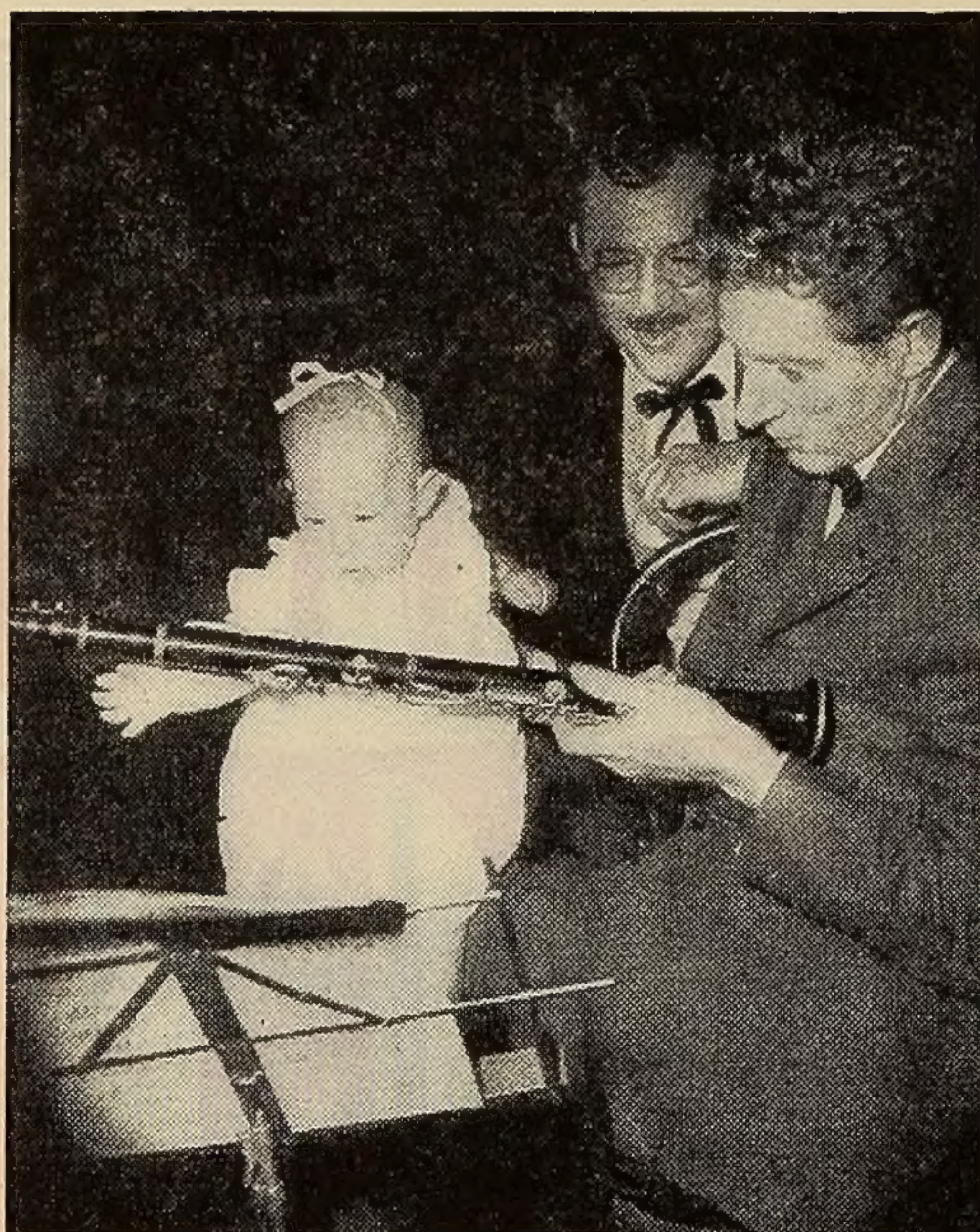
Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair sparkling, natural-looking color and highlights. Not a permanent dye or a bleach, Nestle Colorinse washes out completely with shampooing. Delicately scented, easy and absolutely safe to use.

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KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG
Delicately scented Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hair-dos well-groomed throughout the day. Get a bottle of this fine hair lacquer today! Drug, dept. stores 50¢



HOW would you like to see Ray Milland and Bette Davis together in a movie? Ray would! In fact, nothing would please him more than to be able to have Bette for his co-star when he makes "The Mask of Lucrezia." He's already asked Paramount to confer with Warners and see if a loanout can be arranged. Not only does Ray believe that Bette would be sensational as the pretty Borgia poisoner, she just happens to be one of his favorite actresses.

HOWARD Duff and Burt Lancaster, who are buddies, dashed off the studio lot to have lunch. Being old-world gents at heart, they stopped to assist a frantic lady motorist with a flat tire. "Oh, thank you so much," she gratefully exclaimed. "I just had a call from my girl friend. That's why I'm in such a hurry. She's having lunch at The



Danny Kaye's daughter Dena is all set to get in the groove with Benny Goodman's help on Goldwyn's "A Song Is Born" set. Above, Richard Widmark and Ida Lupino play rough for scene in "Roadhouse."

Players—and Turhan Bey is sitting right in the next booth!"

EVEN before she faced a camera, Betsy Drake received fan mail. Some of the senders went so far as to tell her how wonderful she was on the screen! To enlighten you, Betsy's the gal who was discovered in London by Cary Grant. He urged her to come to Hollywood. She did. She also got the lead opposite him in "Every Girl Should Get Married." Wonder if Cary believes in titles? (Please turn to page 14)

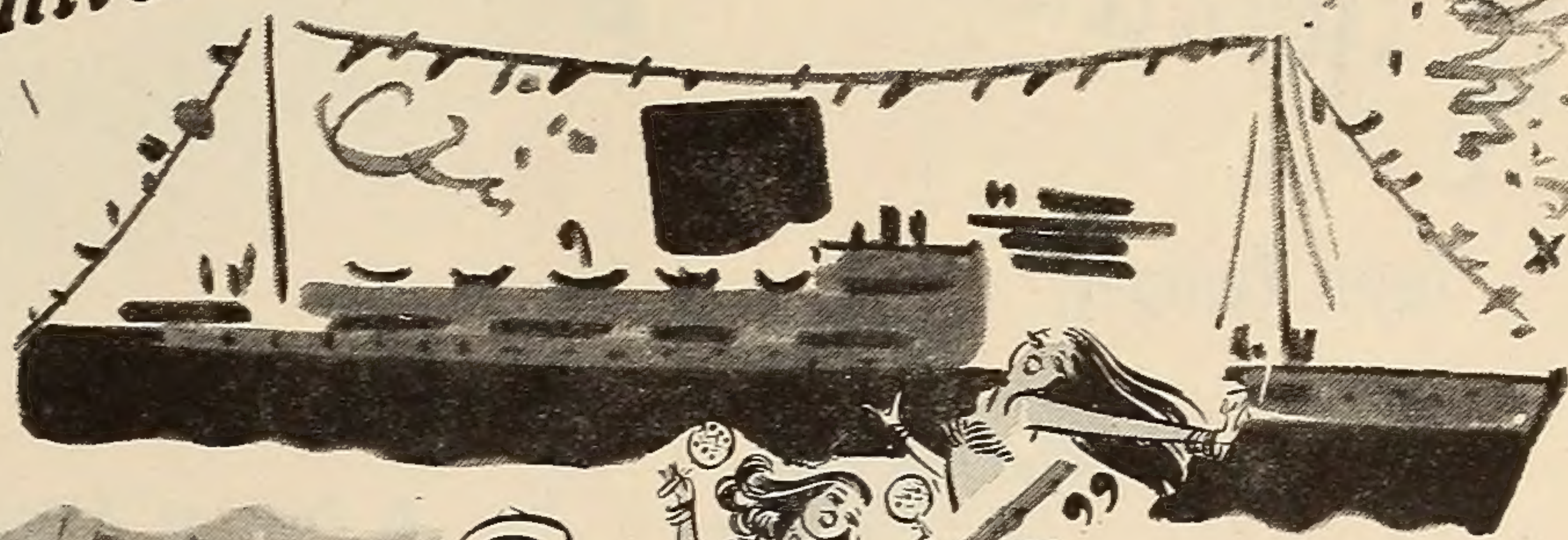
Swashbucklers on "Three Musketeers" set at MGM are Van Heflin, Keenan Wynn and Gene Kelly.



Gossip

Hot from Hollywood

*Pleasure beyond measure! Warner Bros. cruisin',
carousin' Caribbean Carnival in color by Technicolor!*



ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS

THOSE SONGS!!
All new and every
one a hit-parader!
"IT'S YOU OR NO ONE"
"IT'S MAGIC"
"PUT 'EM IN A BOX"
"I'M IN LOVE"
"RUN, RUN, RUN"
"THE TOURIST TRADE"

JACK
CARSON

JANIS
PAIGE

DORIS DAY
She's DAYlightful, DAYlicious!
A new Day for the singing,
dancing screen!

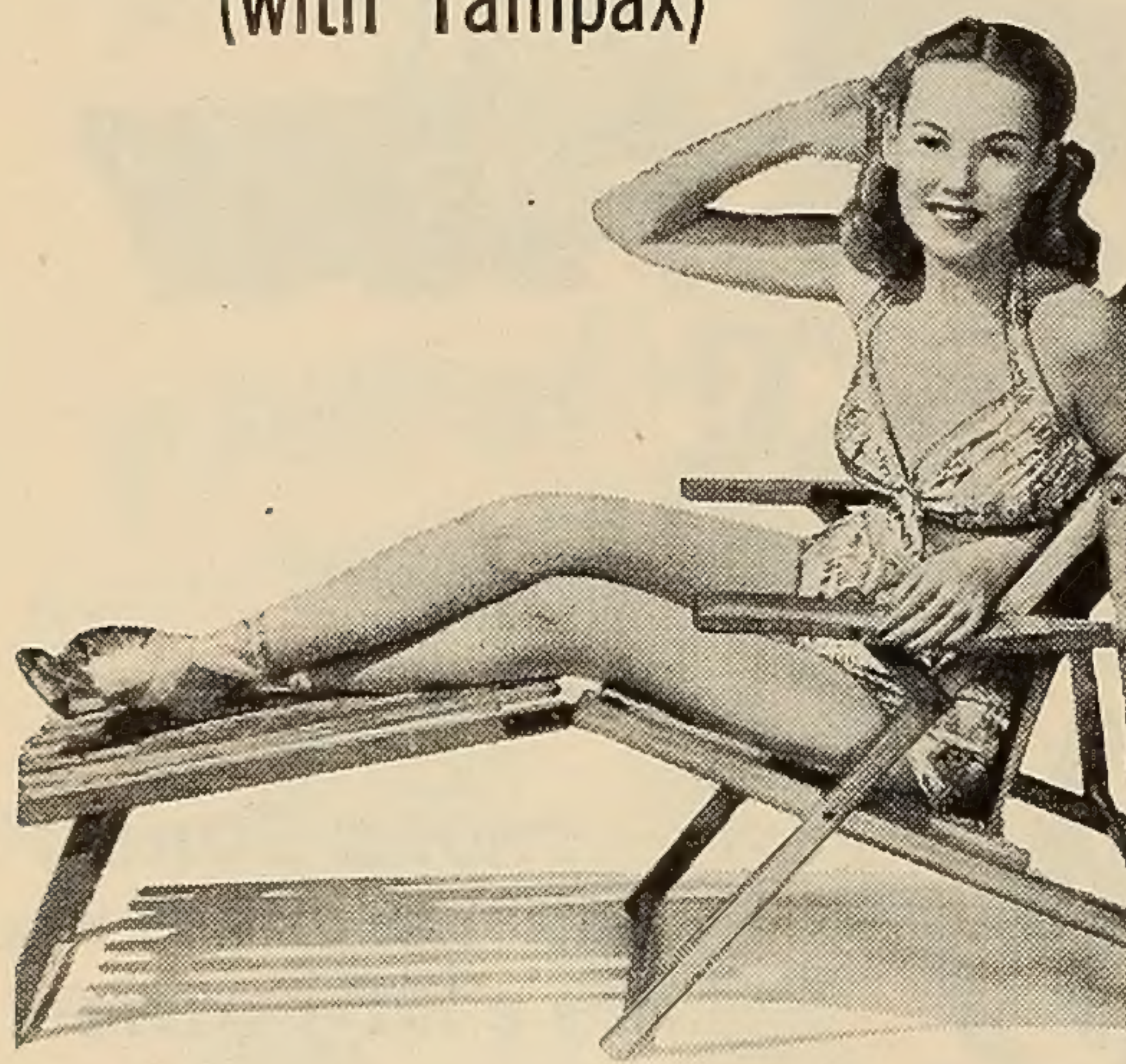
JOHN
DeFORE

WITH OSCAR LEVANT • S. Z. SAKALL • FORTUNIO BONANOVA
DIRECTED BY PRODUCED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ • ALEX GOTTLIEB • MICHAEL CURTIZ PROD'N
Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein
Additional Dialogue by I. A. L. Diamond A WARNER BROS. PICTURES RELEASE

Swim

if you want to—

(with Tampax)



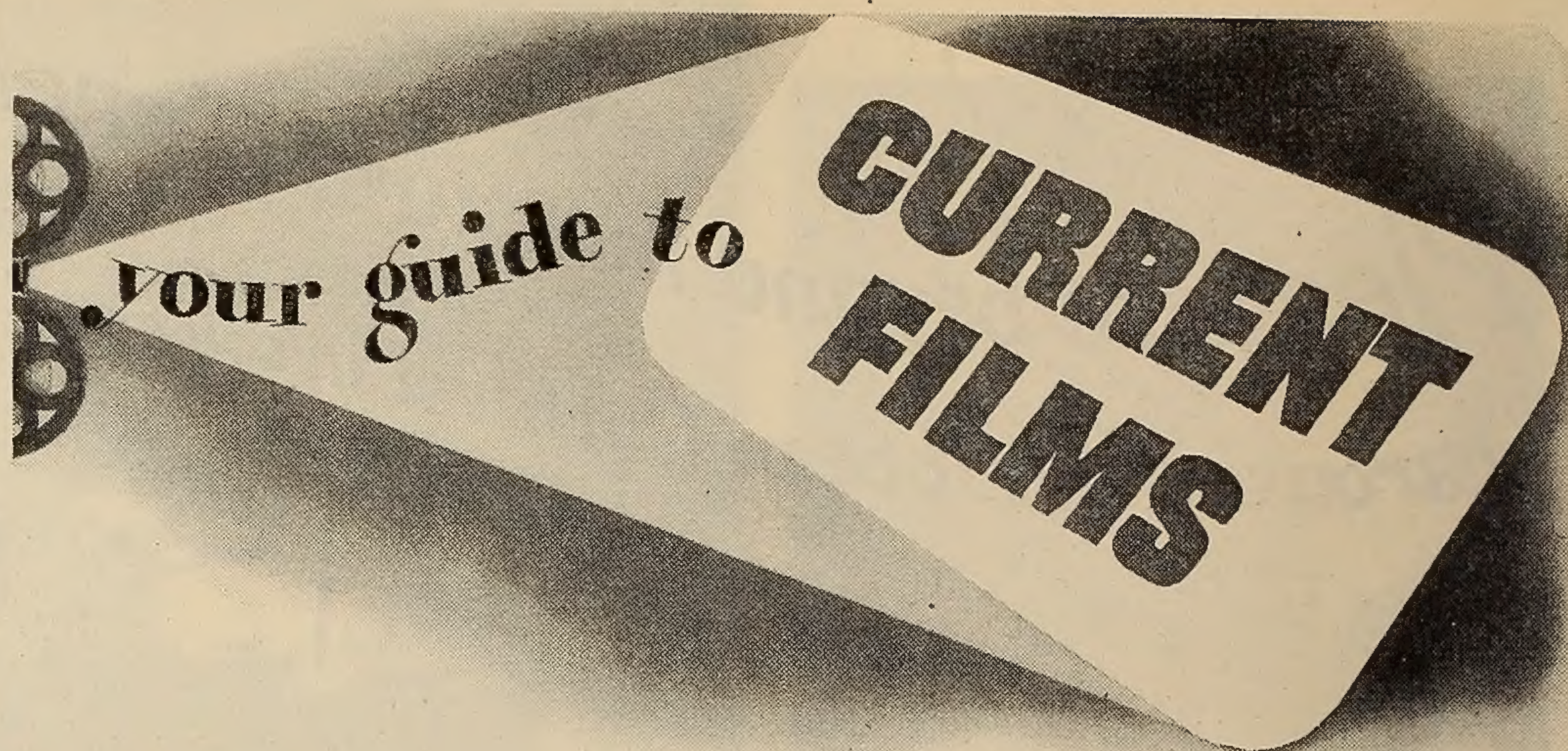
Why sit on the beach and envy other women who are luckier than you about their "days"? Try the *Tampax* method of monthly sanitary protection and then you can swim any day of the month without anyone's being the wiser . . . The secret of *Tampax* is simple—it is worn internally! Hence there is nothing that can possibly "show through" a snug swim suit, whether wet or dry.

Tampax is the scientific answer to the feminine monthly hygienic problem. Invented by a doctor, it has only 1/15 the bulk of older kinds. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed within dainty applicators (for easy insertion). No belts or pins are required—and no sanitary deodorant, for *Tampax* causes no odor. Quick to change; easy to dispose of. Can be worn in tub or shower bath.

Buy *Tampax* now at drug or notion counters. Three absorbency-sizes to suit varying needs: Regular, Super, Junior. An average monthly supply will go into your purse . . . *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



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A Foreign Affair Paramount

Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, of the famous producer-director-writer team, are in full swing again in a wonderful comedy which spoofs Army red tape, Congressional investigations, Nazi pomposity, and just about every topical subject you can think of. It's all played against the stark ruins of Berlin—Wilder spent months getting key shots on the spot—which gives the film its complete authenticity. Jean Arthur is back in

than in any since the war. Considerably thinner and in natty officer's uniform, he's a sight for feminine eyes, as a successful, superficial, cocksure surgeon whom war changes into a human being. This is partially effected by his nurse, appealingly played by Lana Turner, who continues to improve as an actress. Gable returns Lana's love, though he was happily married, because she represents his new perspective and he now feels remote from his sweet, social wife. This is a fairly realistic and adult story, touching



Jean Arthur, John Lund and Marlene Dietrich combine talents to give added sparkle to the bright dialogue of Paramount's wonderful comedy, "A Foreign Affair."

pictures, and in top form, as a stuffy Congresswoman who turns charmingly feminine when she meets a young occupation officer (handsomely played by John Lund). Marlene Dietrich, as a former Nazi collaborator, now a nightclub entertainer, seems younger than ever and sings in her inimitable fashion. The dialogue may be the brightest to hit a sound track and Millard Mitchell, a veteran stage actor, is the most human commanding officer we've seen on film.

Homecoming MGM

Clark Gable fans will sigh with relief, for he's more his old self in this picture

on one important postwar problem—mental and emotional adjustment. Anne Baxter is loving and understanding as Gable's wife; John Hodiak is good as his philanthropic college friend.

Easter Parade MGM

It's been a long time since Hollywood has given us such a grand, altogether gay musical comedy. The suspenseful story, done in gorgeous Technicolor, is about the exciting days of show business in super-producer Florenz Ziegfeld's day. Fred Astaire is even better than ever, and his dance routine with the drums is terrific. Judy Garland's songs (all the

Here comes the bridesmaid....
There lurk the wolves....

Now starts something....

*More romantic than
a honeymoon!*

She's a different, delightful, captivating Betty—singing, dancing and romancing—in Elmer Rice's fabulously funny Broadway stage hit!

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BETTY
HUTTON

Hilarious—As She Tries To Find Out
What Makes Men Tick!

MACDONALD
CAREY

Fun—When He Teaches Betty About Dreams
And How To Wake Up And Live!

in *Dream Girl*

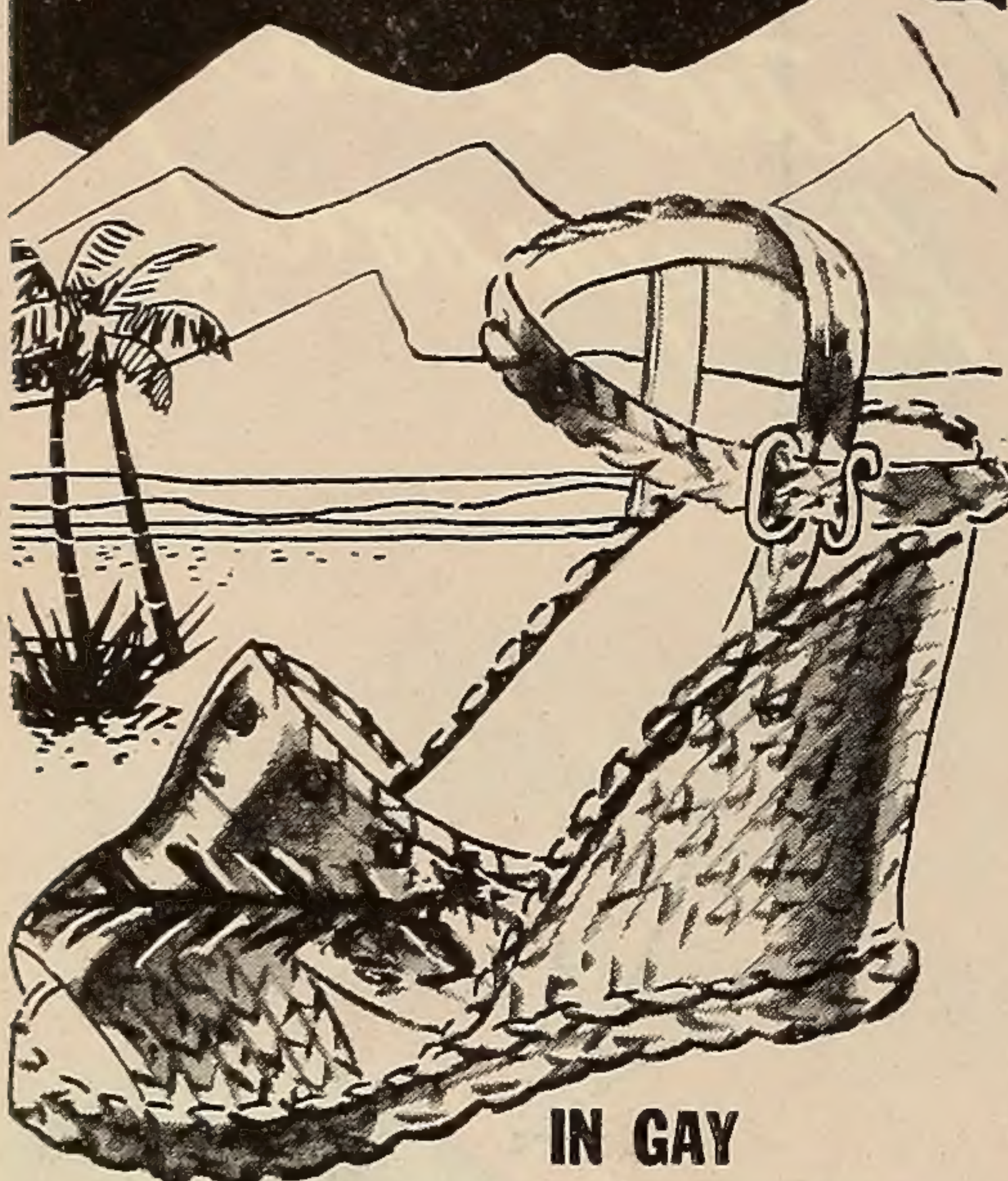
with
PATRIC KNOWLES • VIRGINIA FIELD
WALTER ABEL • PEGGY WOOD

A Mitchell LEISEN Production

Produced by P. J. WOLFSON
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

You'll Hear The Critics "Hurrah!" for Betty Hutton in this different, new hit! See if you don't say: "Wonderful! She's an actress we've never really seen before!"

Haiti-Vogues



IN GAY
CARIBBEAN COLORS

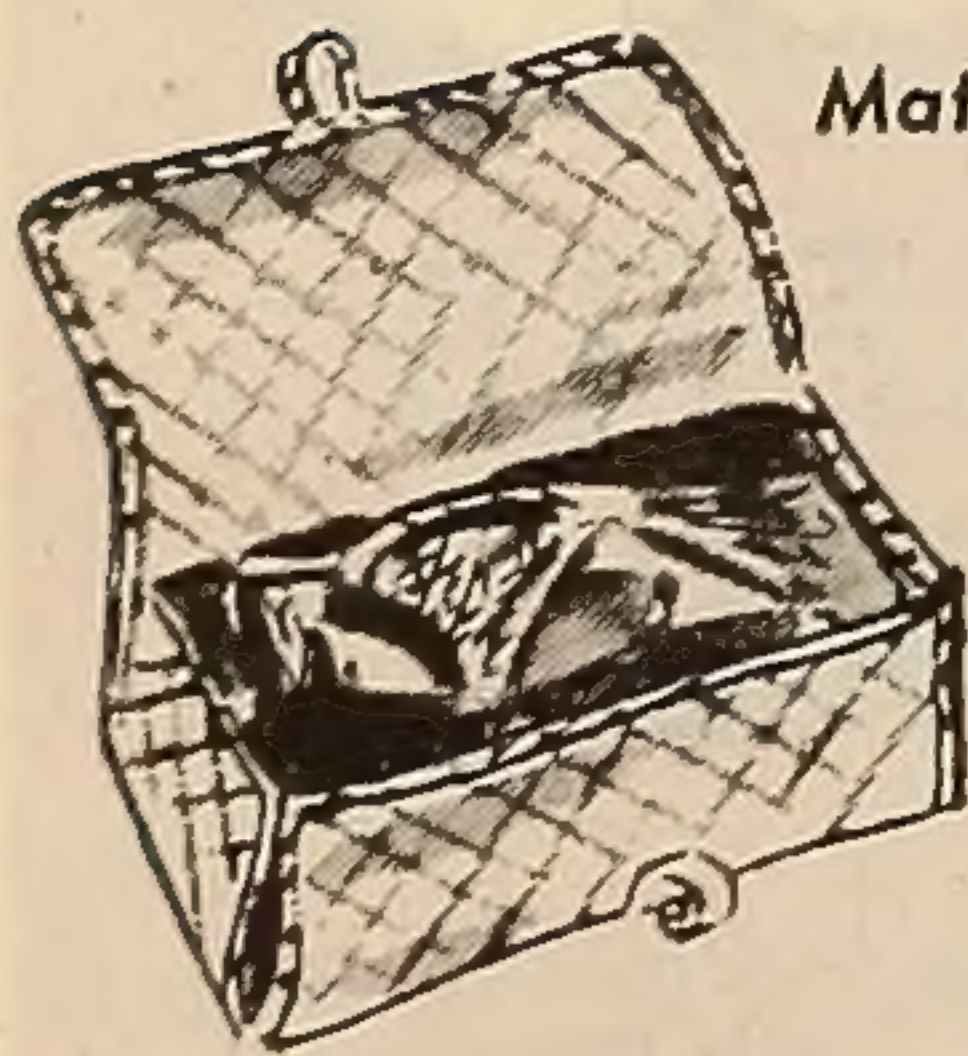
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(plus duty, postage
and carriage charges)



You'll be "footloose and fancy-free" in these stunning casuals from the tropical isle of Haiti. Haiti-Vogues are fully lined, hand-made of top quality, long-lasting sisal. Won't sag or wobble. Comfortable as a glove. Your choice of Multicolor, Brown and Sand, Red and White, Sand with Embroidery, Green with Embroidery. Medium or Skyscraper heel.

Your money will be graciously refunded if you are not completely satisfied. Sizes 4 to 10, medium and narrow widths.



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(if ordered with shoes)

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★
Delivery within a few days.

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Enclosed find check or money order, for which please send _____ pair of Haiti-Vogues at \$4.90 each, which includes \$.95 duty, postage and carriage charges. Give regular shoe size.

Size _____ Medium Heel _____
Width _____ Skyscraper Heel _____
Red and White _____ Green with Embroidery _____
Multicolor _____ Brown and Sand _____
Sand with Embroidery _____
Also enclosed \$3.95 for matching sisal bag _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY and STATE _____



Judy Garland and Fred Astaire garner the laurels in MGM's grand, gay and gorgeous Technicolor musical comedy, "Easter Parade."

music is by Irving Berlin), her looks, her dancing and her acting are sensational. Peter Lawford is charming; Ann Miller, as the "other woman," is gorgeous and dances superbly. On top of this, a mimic called Jules Munshin does some screamingly funny pantomime. Comedy number by Garland and Astaire, "A Couple Of Swells," is high spot.

The Iron Curtain 20th Century-Fox

Since most of the facts depicted in this semi-documentary are known from newspaper accounts of the incident, it



Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews score in dramatic exposé of Russian espionage in 20th Century-Fox's "The Iron Curtain."

is not as revealing as, say, "The House on 92nd Street," but it's even more dramatic. It is reminiscent of "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" except this time the villains are Russians. Dana Andrews plays a Russian Embassy clerk, stationed in Ottawa, who finds the Canadian way of life more desirable than the Russian. So when he's recalled to Moscow, he pilfers the office files and turns over to the police evidence that the Russians are operating a spy ring and have access to secret information about the A-bomb. There are terribly tense moments after he's caught by his bosses and before the Mounties come to his rescue. Though some of the heavies are played with exaggerated leers and hisses, there's an intelligent admission that some Russians are human and even have a sense of humor. Dana is excellent and Gene Tierney, as his wife, is particularly convincing and particularly lovely. This is a picture everyone should see.

The Emperor Waltz Paramount

This is the love story of a lowly American mutt and an uppity French poodle! It also involves Bing Crosby, the former's master, and Joan Fontaine, the latter's mistress. Bing is a traveling salesman who thinks Emperor Franz Joseph of Vienna (Richard Haydn) should have one of his talking machines (phonograph to the modern reader). He meets the Countess (Joan), they fall for each other, and the romantic difficulties become fourfold. After a rough time, Buttons, Bing's dog, becomes the proud father of Scheherezade's litter of half-mutts, and this leads to a reconciliation between the owners. It's an entertaining picture, set against lush backgrounds and with some very good music, but it's too bad that Bing didn't play the American

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TO THE ONLY MAN SHE DIDN'T
WANT TO HURT...

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WITH

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RAYMOND BURR · BYRON BARR · JOHN LITEL
ANN DORAN · JIMMY HUNT · SELMER JACKSON

Based on the Novel "The Pitfall" by Jay Dratler

Screenplay by Karl Kamb

Directed by

ANDRE DE TOTH

Produced by

SAMUEL BISCHOFF

Released thru United Artists



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Won't Rub Off!
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- ☐ **CHEEKTONE**—"Magic" natural color.

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Montgomery Clift, right with Joanne Dru, compels attention in U.S.'s "Red River."

At right below, Deanna Durbin and Dick Haymes in U.-I.'s "Up in Central Park."

Intrigue, passion rule Ann Todd and Ray Milland in Paramount's "So Evil My Love."



a little more average. His exaggerated casualness, in contrast to the formality of the Viennese court, is not in the best taste. Neither are some of the canine love scenes.

Red River

United Artists

This is probably the best story about the American pioneers' settlement in the West since "Stage Coach." No film has had such amazing shots of cattle in great number, stampedes, difficult migration, etc. Roughly, John Wayne, in his element here, takes over a portion of Texas and therein breeds a very large herd of cattle, which it becomes difficult to dispose of. The boy he befathered becomes a crack shot and a crack leader. Conflict—almost to the death—and separation arise due to their differences of opinion regarding ownership and methods of operation. Suspense is worthy of the best whodunit. The two are reunited partially with the aid of an old partner (Walter Brennan) and a girl (Joanne Dru) who loves the boy. Very special mention must be made of the latter, played by stage actor Montgomery Clift (seen in "The Search"), whose compelling personality dominates the screen even when Wayne's performance is most notable.

So Evil My Love

Paramount

The sustained mood of this film about a small group of English people, caught in a web of intrigue and passion, is undoubtedly due to its authentic backgrounds, for it was made by producer Hal Wallis on location in London. It's the story of a very good woman (Ann Todd) who gradually becomes a very



bad woman after she falls in love with an utterly charming, utterly evil painter (Ray Milland at his best). The transition is done remarkably by Miss Todd (of "The Paradine Case" and "The Seventh Veil") and director Lewis Allen. Outstanding photography gives Ann unusual beauty, too. Geraldine Fitzgerald delivers a haunting performance as a befuddled victim. Every part, no matter how small, is outstanding. Due credit must be given to the flawless writing which never lets the plot down. It has a surprise ending which will leave audiences gasping.

Up in Central Park

Universal-International

Too bad the film version of the hit Broadway musical wasn't made in Technicolor, as there are some very original dance numbers that cry out for it. But otherwise it has retained its charm and most of the lovely tunes by Sigmund Romberg. Deanna Durbin does very well as the spirited Irish lass, fresh from the auld country, who, together with her Dad (touchingly played by Albert Sharpe), gets involved with New York's political Boss Tweed and his corrupt machine. They're saved in time by a newspaper reporter who exposes the ring. Vincent Price, as *Tweed*, is an attractive, charming villain. Dick Haymes, as the

well-groomed reporter, is an attractive, charming hero. His rendition of the ballad, "When She Walks in the Room," is especially good.

Your Red Wagon RKO

This picture will probably be the springboard to stardom for the freshest, most appealing romantic team since Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Farley Granger, as a young man who tries very hard but cannot escape his past—partially spent in jail after an accidental killing in his early teens—gives a super-sensitive yet powerful performance in his first part since his return from the service. Although the boy becomes an accomplice in some bank robberies which result in a couple of deaths, Farley's characterization of a youth who is fundamentally good and normal is so clear and so touching, moviegoers will be rooting for him till the end. Cathy O'Donnell, as the simple, poor little girl he marries and who loves him madly and blindly, is just as wonderful. Some of the couple's shy, adolescent love scenes



RKO's "Your Red Wagon" is springboard to stardom for Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell.

are memorable. Howard Da Silva gives a realistic portrayal of a psychopathic, one-eyed gangster. The photography is outstanding, as is Nicholas Ray's direction.

On an Island with You MGM

As Jimmy Durante, who's a big part of this picture, would say, "Everybody's in de act." Esther Williams plays a movie star and swims in out-of-this-world bathing suits. Peter Lawford is a dreamy-eyed naval officer who met her during the war and can't forget her. Romantic and versatile Ricardo Montalban is her leading man and her fiancé, sings and strums a guitar, dances divinely with beauteous ballerina Cyd Charisse, playing another movie actress who loves him on the q. t. They're all very good to see and add up to a generous dose of entertainment, in Technicolor, too, even if the story is on the flimsy side. Nothing has been spared to make this a big-time musical with something in it for everybody. (Please turn to page 56)



Even a
bathing beauty
may be sunk...

Be a safety-first girl with Mum

Tonight you'll get along swimmingly—if you *keep* that bathed and beautiful air about you. *If* you guard your bath-freshness against the fault that's so hard to forgive.

After every bath—before every date—use safe, sure Mum. Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes—but Mum protects underarms against risk of odor *to come*.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Mum safer for skin

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes

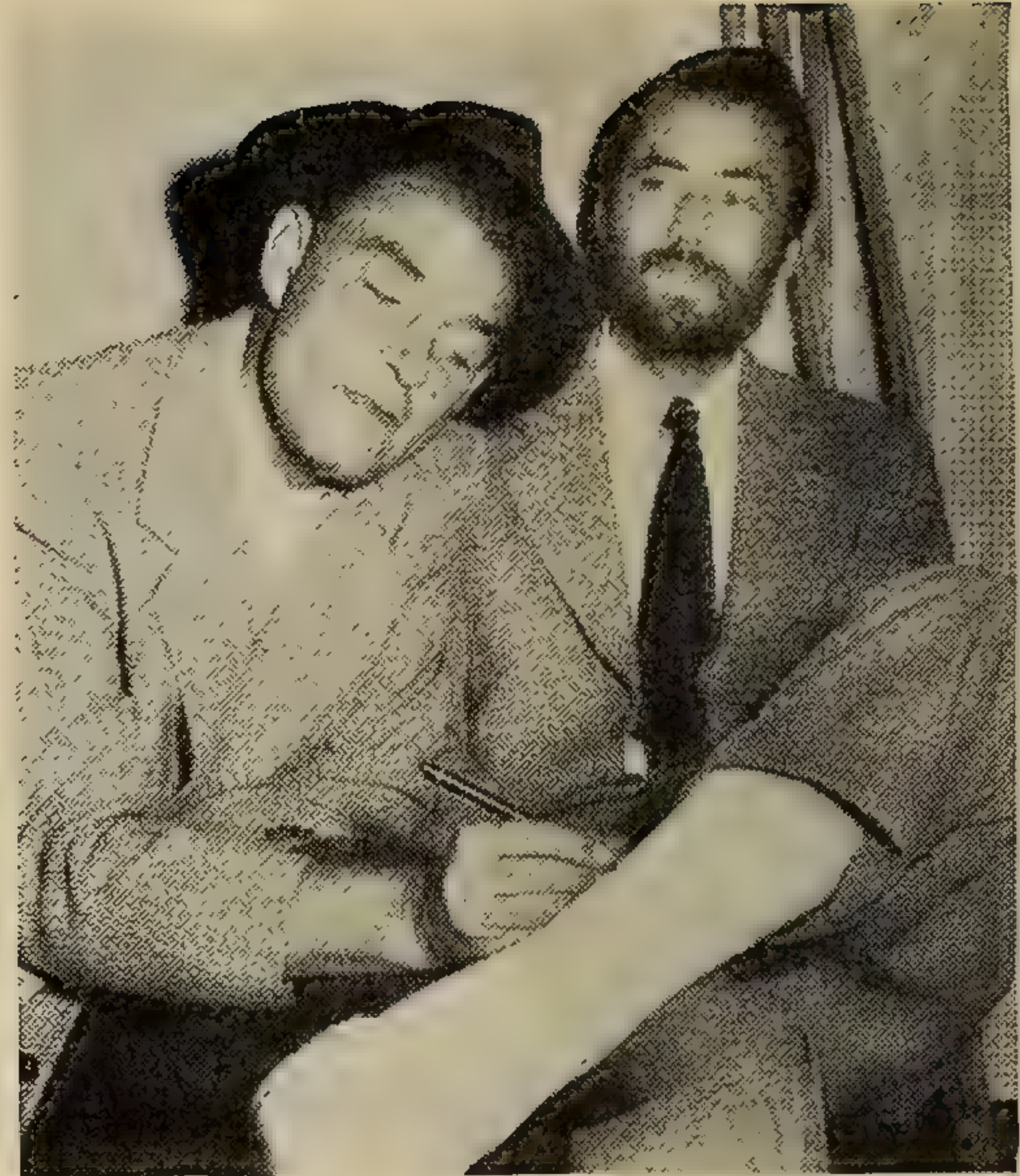
No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.



Photo by Len Weissman

Jane Withers, with her husband's help, takes care of autograph requests at Ice Capades. At right below, Pati Behrs from Paris and Randy Stuart from Kansas on 20th-Fox lot.

Cornel Wilde and wife Pat Knight will co-star, at last, in "The Lovers." At right, Ed Gardner autographs Greg Peck's cast on "Duffy's Tavern," NBC radio broadcast.



Gossip Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

AS IF little Wanda Hendrix wasn't already big as a minute and twice as cute! Now she's down to 86 pounds and it's studio orders that she start drinking lots of milk and cream. For the first time in many months, Wanda's gotten around to seeing former boy friends again. Bob Arthur and Farley Granger had lunch with her at Paramount. But Audie Murphy still seems to be her favorite, even though plans for an early marriage seem to be side-tracked.

IF PETER Lawford's hats are beginning to get too small for him (as some of his contemporaries hint) the following story is hardly indicative. Certainly Pete is privileged to visit any set on the MGM lot. But when he heard that Bob Taylor was doing a dramatic scene for "The Bribe," he sent a note asking if he could come in. From where we sit, this doesn't sound like an actor who's beginning to believe his own publicity.

IDA LUPINO'S played so many drab rôles, she's getting quite a boot out of being her sexy self in "Roadhouse." She and Cornel Wilde, who co-stars, have new titles that were bestowed by director Jean Negulesco. He refers to them as "Body and the Beast." Speaking of Cornel, he's walking on Cloud Seven since Columbia has promised to co-star his Patricia Knight in "The Lovers."

WE WISH you could have been on the RKO set the day Bob Mitchum and Bob Preston staged their big fight for "Blood on the Moon." The two Bobs are certainly two-fisted he-men. But the studio couldn't take a chance of anything happening that might hold up the picture. Prop men padded knees, elbows, shoulders—and even if the boys sat down hard, there was nothing to worry about!

THINK twice before you satisfy that sweet tooth! Come September, Margaret O'Brien will have the honor of launching the first "Candy Bar Train" for the poor children of Europe. Many of them have never even *tasted* candy. The train will cross the country and gather contributions from all you lucky boys and girls who were born in a free American. Maggie hopes you'll all be sweet and give sweets.

MOVIE stars can be practical, too. When Judy Garland and Vincent Minnelli built a nursery for little Liza, they designed it with a fireplace and kitchenette. It consists of four rooms and can be redecorated and used throughout the years to come. Right now, painted on the door, it reads: "Liza Lives Here." Kinda cute, huh?

WHEN it comes to nerves, Van Johnson really has a corner on the market. Badly as he felt (after a recent hospital checkup) on Evie's birthday he still managed to comb the town for the last bottle of her favorite perfume. The Johnsons are selling their beautiful home, by the way. Evie's (and Keenan Wynn's) oldest son is old enough to have his own room, there's the Johnsons' own new baby, and they just plain need more space. Otherwise, the Johnsons are just fine, thank you.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, while entertaining the Jack Bennys, was discussing the Academy Award situation. "You'll notice," she observed, "the winning pictures are nearly always serious pictures *without laughs*." Benny nodded knowingly. "You're so right, Claudette," he agreed. "And my last one *almost* made it!"

IN his quiet but forceful way, Joel McCrea has stuck to Westerns, amassed a fortune, and avoided all the usual Hollywood headaches. Recently, he was approached with the script of "South of St. Louis." Joel read it, liked it, and agreed to do it. "Don't you even want to know the name of the leading lady?"



inquired the surprised producer. Joel began to grin. "I'll leave that up to you," he answered, "Just tell me—who's the horse?"

WATCH for the lady who shares the final fade-out with Errol Flynn in "The Loves of Don Juan." It will be your one and only chance to see Nora Eddington in the movies. Mrs. Flynn prefers to stay home and raise Errol's kiddies. However, it was so appropriate she play this part, Errol talked her into it. Nora's the gal (on and off screen) who finally wins "Don Juan," after he's definitely decided to forsake romance forever.

FOLLOWING a brilliant first night performance, the dressing room of a famous stage star was crowded with Hollywood visitors. In detail the "legitimate lady" described a lovely young movie actress, who had been sitting in the front row. "Oh, that was Jeanne Crain," someone volunteered. "Would you like to meet her?" The stage star's eyes began to twinkle. "No, thank you," she beamed. "I just wanted to know who she is. She talked all through my performance. Next time I see one of her pictures—I'll talk back to her!"

Most of Marie McDonald's popcorn is eaten by her husband, Harry Karl, while they take in the ball game at Hollywood Ball Park, a sunny spot popular with movie celebrities.



THE current separation of John Payne and Gloria De Haven came as no surprise to Hollywood. While John has remained conspicuously absent from Hollywood parties, taking up his bachelor abode at the Beverly Hills Hotel while starring in "Larceny" for Universal-International, cute little Gloria has been making the social rounds with married friends. One report has John romantically interested in his "Larceny" co-star, Joan Caulfield. All we know for certain is that Joan and John will be co-stars on the eastern strawhat circuit this summer and that both are enthusiastic at the prospect. They will do "Voice of the Turtle" and other hit plays.

IF there's a feud between Bette Davis and Joan Crawford, no one (except the local columnists who keep referring to it) has seen any evidence. Bette, who is the first to admit her last picture missed its mark, had a good laugh when she read the following in a gossip column: "No, it isn't true. Joan Crawford did not write the script for 'Winter Meeting.'"

JOHN Derek's good fortune is due to Humphrey Bogart's good memory. Bogey was searching for an unknown boy to play in his own personally-produced production of "Knock on Any Door." He just happened to see Derek walking across the Columbia lot. "Say, I remember you," exclaimed Mr. B. "When I was on a USO tour, I met you in camp. What are you doing here?" Derek explained he was looking for the producer of the picture, because he felt he was right for the part. So did Bogart—and that's how careers are born.

TWO beautiful bands of diamonds and one of rubies have been placed on Angela Lansbury's third finger, left hand. Naturally, she and Peter Shaw can make no formal announcement until his divorce is final. Angie may make a picture in England. Peter has business interests there, all of which gives them *three* reasons for wanting to take the trip. The third? A honeymoon, of course.



At top, John Carroll, Eleanor Powell and her husband, Glenn Ford, form a unique assembly line for Hollywood's ever-present autograph seekers. Above, Bonita Granville and her producer husband Jack Wrather join dancers at Ciro's.



Gerry likes blue denim shorts and a red striped shirt for morning chores.



Horsemanship was necessary for Gerry's movie work. Her next is "Embraceable You."



Here, Gerry is set for a run on bike. Below, she is ready for a square dance.

Crisp, Cool, Colorful!

LATE summer is a stage and you are the star, if you have a dramatic sense. No other season offers the vast opportunities for your extrovert talents. There's heat to combat, of course, and humidity, but these are minor problems if you will give some care to the ideal summer-girl look. She looks crisp, cool, and colorful. That's the opinion of one of the most promising young Hollywood dramatic actresses, Geraldine Brooks, known to her friends as Gerry.

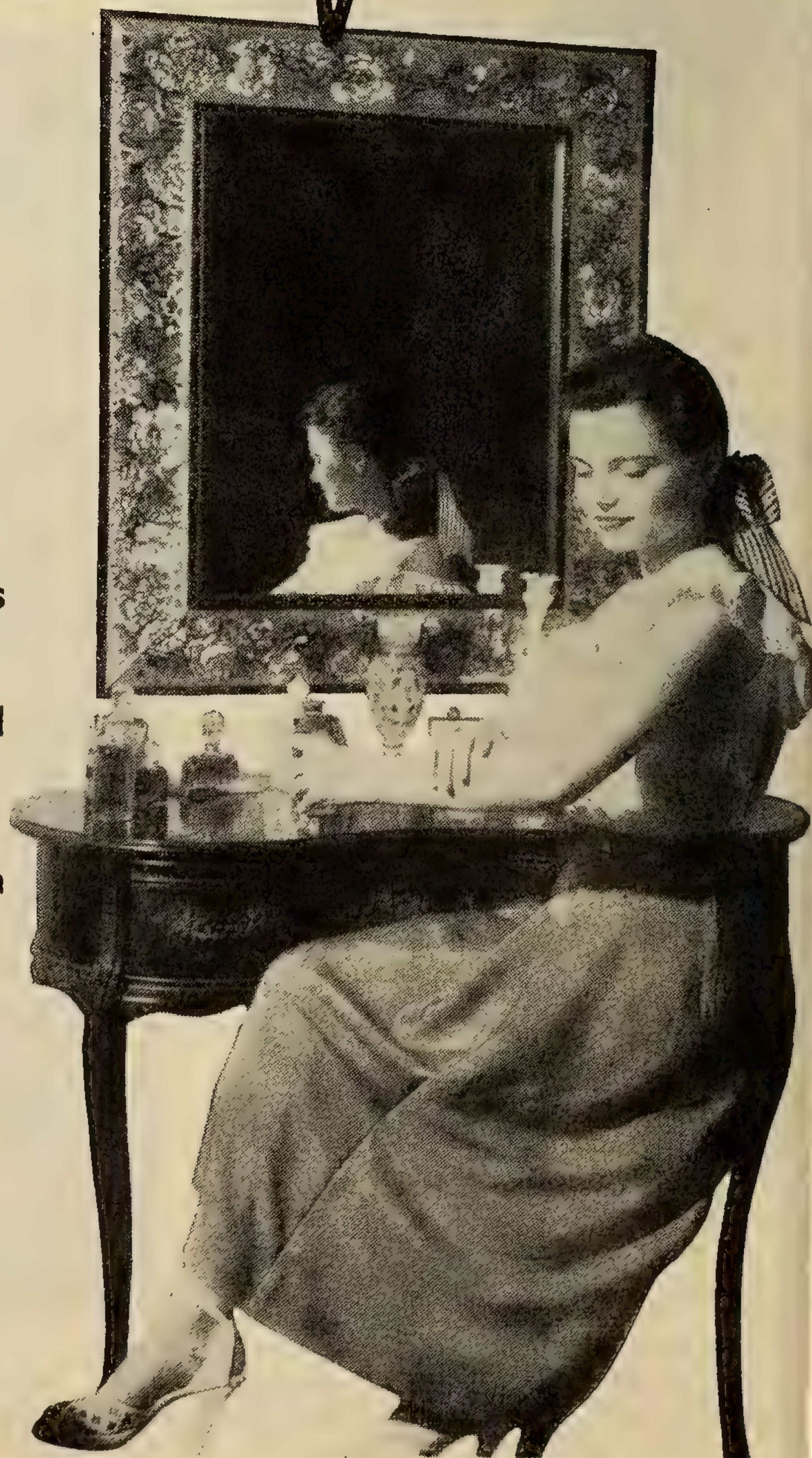
Fresh from success in Warners' "Cry Wolf" and as star in the forthcoming "Embraceable You," Gerry, named Geraldine after the famous lyric soprano, Geraldine Farrar, was literally born to show business and started in training at two years old with dancing lessons. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Stroock, her father being president of the Brooks Costume Company, a familiar name to Broadway and the show world. Scattered through her family tree you find brilliant names in the arts circle.

When you see Gerry, there's nothing about her to suggest her chosen field. She is very pretty, young, and fresh as a flower. Immediately the thought, "little sister," comes to mind. But when she talks in her quiet, convincing manner, you sense determination, sureness of purpose, and a mature, intelligent viewpoint.

I found Gerry in her parents' home, where she had come for a month's vacation—"to see all the plays and all my old friends," she said. Though small, only five feet, two inches, and weighing a mere ninety-eight pounds, Gerry is a gal of action. "That's the way to keep cool," she said. "Do things. And try to look cool. That's not really as hard as it sounds. Think about your hair first. It's the first thing people notice. Most of the time I wear mine loose about my shoulders." With that, Gerry tossed back her dark locks, shining like satin and with a slight suggestion of curl. The curl, (Please turn to page 61)

Geraldine Brooks
illustrates a course of
action for that ideal
summer-girl look

By Courtenay Marvin





A Darling goes to her Doom

It is the party of the year . . . her night-of-nights. Down below are dozens of girls who will envy her looks . . . dozens of men who will cut in endlessly . . . and one in particular who will press her close when the lights are low and whisper "Darling!". . . So *she thinks*. Unfortunately, it isn't going to be that way. There's a fly in the ointment as big as a blackbird. Instead of eagerness and attention she will meet indifference and neglect. Tonight will be one of the grimmest nights of her life . . . one that it will take a long time to live down. And she won't know why*!

All too often it happens that way; on the very night you wish to be at your best you may be at your worst without realizing it. Unfortunately, halitosis* (unpleasant

breath) doesn't always announce itself to the victim, but it invariably shouts its presence to others. They are likely to hold it against you for a long time . . . look on you as an objectionable person.

Isn't it foolish to risk putting yourself in the worst possible light when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, quick and wholly delightful precaution

against simple, non-systemic bad breath? You merely rinse your mouth with it and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

So . . . when you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date . . . it's an *extra-careful* precaution against offending.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

DANA ANDREWS

A man possessed by the sea...and something more!

JEAN PETERS

A portrayal as exciting as in "Captain from Castile"!

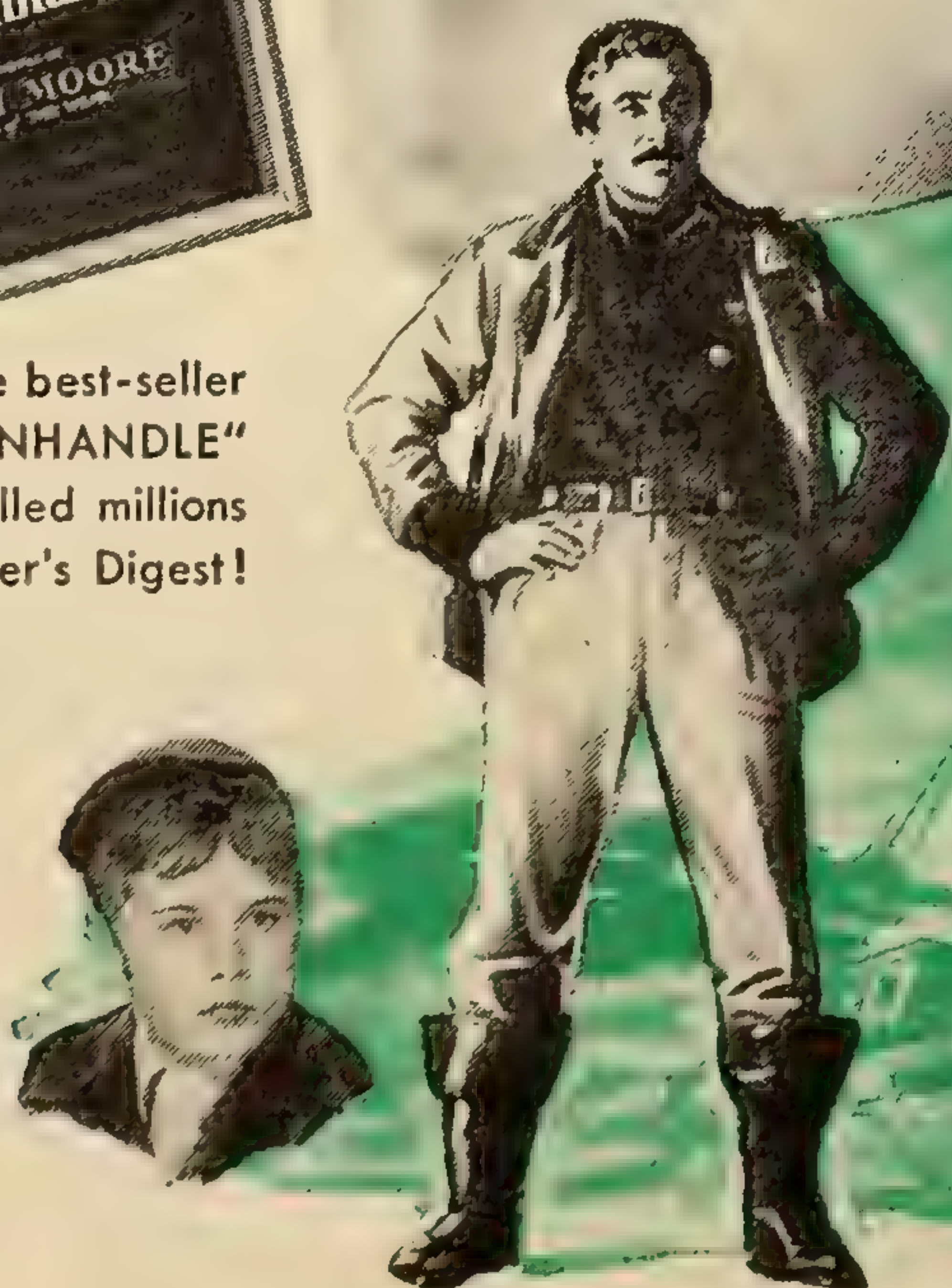
The Sea is a Woman

...beautiful...

and,
like you...
cruel!"



From the best-seller
"SPOONHANDLE"
that thrilled millions
in Reader's Digest!



Deep Waters

with
CESAR ROMERO · DEAN STOCKWELL · ANNE REVERE

Ed Begley

Directed by
HENRY KING · Produced by
SAMUEL G. ENGEL

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Screen Play by Richard Murphy · Based on the Novel "Spoonhandle" by Ruth Moore

The Editor's Page

The Queen can do no wrong is an old saying. That's what's the matter with it. Queens get so they believe it. Even you, Movie Queen of the great American box-office. Now nobody would miss a new Bergman picture, least of all "Arch of Triumph," with you as a shady lady. But if you think we rush to see you because you're a Great Actress, you're wrong. It's because you're Bergman, a great personality. It's Charles Boyer who's the great actor in "Arch of Triumph," for my money: but it's Bergman I want to watch. As a femme fatale you're far from convincing. Your wholesome beauty, try as you may, can't be disguised or dimmed. So don't cringe from our admiration of your charm, your warmth, your womanliness. That's what we like about you. Don't crawl into a cold shell, refuse to grant interviews to the well-meaning screen press that's been bowing down to you ever since "Intermezzo." Don't, above all, do what Chaplin and Garbo did. Don't ever lose the common touch.

Delight Evans

Here's Bergman in many moods from her current picture, "Arch of Triumph," as well as the forthcoming "Joan of Arc," center, far right. At right below, with Charles Boyer, her great co-star of the Enterprise production, at the N. Y. premiere.

Oh, To Be On An Island With You!

Peter Lawford and
Esther Williams



Color photo of the stars of MGM's "Oh, To Be On An Island With You" by Clarence B.



Esther's natural wholesomeness, honesty, and sense of humor have made her personally beloved and professionally admired and respected. Left below, Jimmy Durante can't resist her—who can?

Does it pay a girl to be honest with men?

THEY tell you that in the picture business you can't be honest and get along. *I am the living example that this is not the truth!* If it were, I'd have been thrown out on my face the first month I was in pictures. What do I

mean, the "first month"? If honesty doesn't pay, I'd have been thrown out the first day I ever stepped foot in a motion picture studio, which was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and by Mr. Louis B. Mayer himself, in person!

Of all the things my Mommie and Daddy gave me, the greatest was a sense of values. *Honest values.* The

ability to discriminate between the phony and the real. I was out of high school, and in college, before I realized that I did not have as much money as anyone else. This was because, in our home, none of us, with our values, gave a thought to the things we *didn't* have but appreciated, right up to the hilt, the things we did have.

From the day (Please turn to page 62)

Gorgeous star who conquered Hollywood by being herself has some valuable advice for every girl

By *Esther Williams*

As told to Gladys Hall



Make your

**How to get your guy
and keep him interested after
the vacation is over!
Here are various methods,
all quite ladylike
and according to Hoyle**

By Alyce Canfield

ALL YEAR you've been waiting for The Day. Perhaps you've struggled through finals and have a long summer to spend. Maybe you've worked at that job much more industriously than your boss realizes, and it's time to forget it—at least, for two blissful weeks. You've saved your dimes and your dollars, budgeting train fare and hotel expenses. You've gathered together a sharp summer-time wardrobe with the New Look. You've done all these things so you'll be ready for the Big Event: your summer vacation.

For a year now, you've been looking at beautiful posters of glamorous resorts, all of which are cleverly focused on the boy-meets-girl theme. There isn't just a pine or a palm tree on those advertisements—there's a tree with a beautiful girl and an attractive boy. Even winter vacation resorts use the same technique—handsome ski teachers, husky cowboys. It's no wonder that by the time you arrive at your vacation spot, you're all set to meet the boy of your dreams. Indeed, if he doesn't immediately show on the clear horizon, you're in a mood to go out and lasso him.

That, according to romantic, handsome, suave Turhan Bey is Colossal Error No. 1. "If you go on your vacation with a predatory out-to-get-him glint in your eye, you'll defeat your purpose," says Turhan. "A girl should never start out on her vacation with the idea of having a big romance, *because it shows!* And the moment it shows, she scares men away."

In other words, says Turhan, if you want dates and fun and romance this summer—plot and plan craftily, but don't be caught at it. Start out with the idea that you like people, that things are going to be fun, that you are going to make some interesting friends. In the back of your mind, you may want to

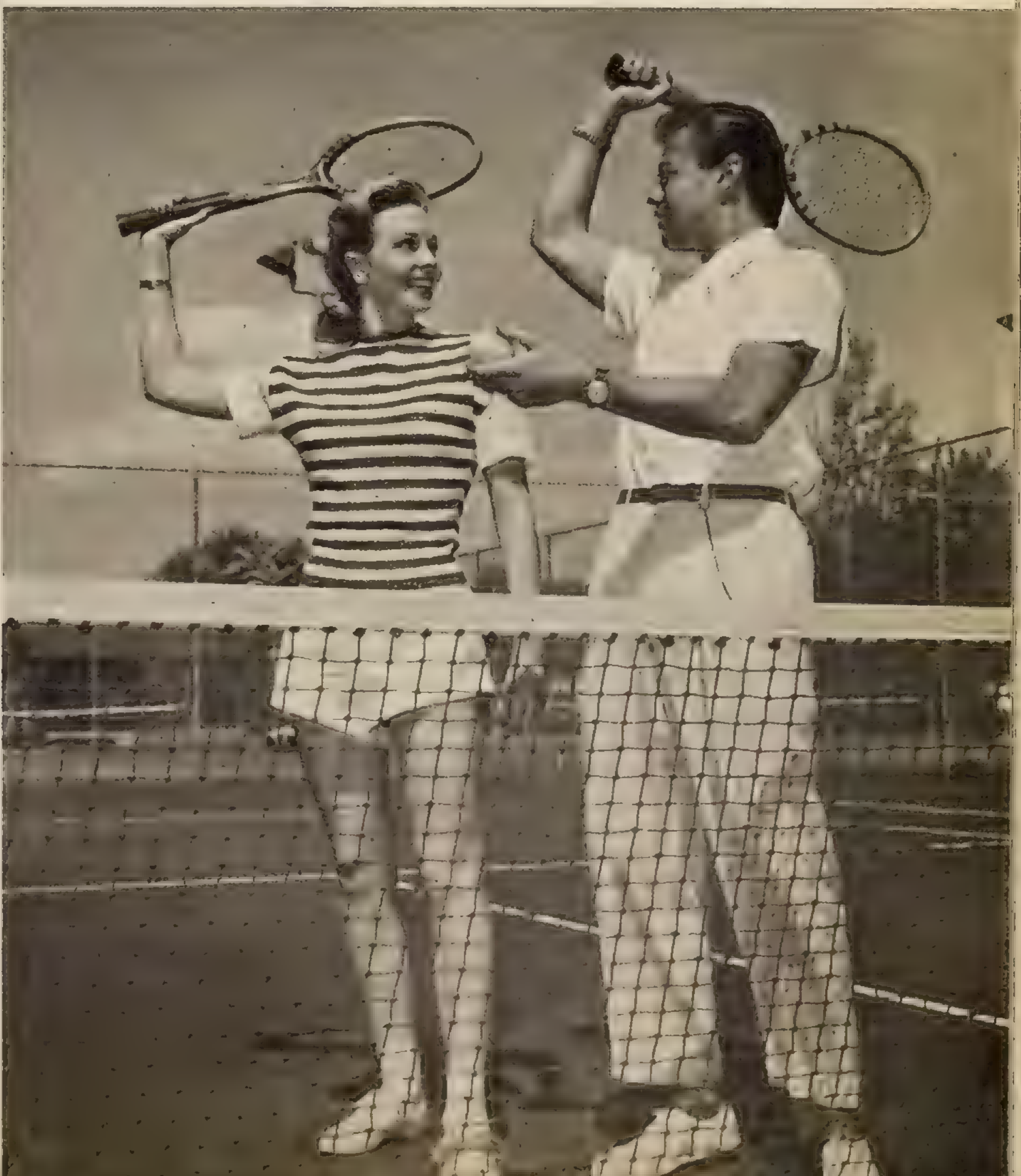
Turhan Bey, starring in Eagle Lion's "The Spiritualist," and lovely Mary Meade, of "Born to Fight," step out to illustrate our story, and discover it's a date they like.

Summer Romance Last! says Turhan Bey

meet a special someone, but you'll have a better chance of meeting him if you don't do the pursuing. For if there's anything that can nip such friendships in the bud, it's the girl who is too eager. The trick is to be a little aloof. "It's

hard, perhaps, when the days slip by so fast," says Turhan, "for it seems more logical to get right into the swing of things. But I've noticed so often on shipboard that it's the little cheapies who are always chummy by noon the

first day out. The most attractive girls are the ones who remain a little to themselves. You may lose more time getting your vacation friendships started, but the girls who sit back and look the situation over unhurried- (Please turn to page 54)



If you find your Dream Man on your vacation and want to make the dream come true, keep him interested. For example, let him teach you to play tennis, but don't beat the guy at his own game, warns Turhan. All alone on the beach with a book? Not for long if you're looking your best as Mary Meade is here, and in all the other pictures, too.



Kodachromes by John Miehle

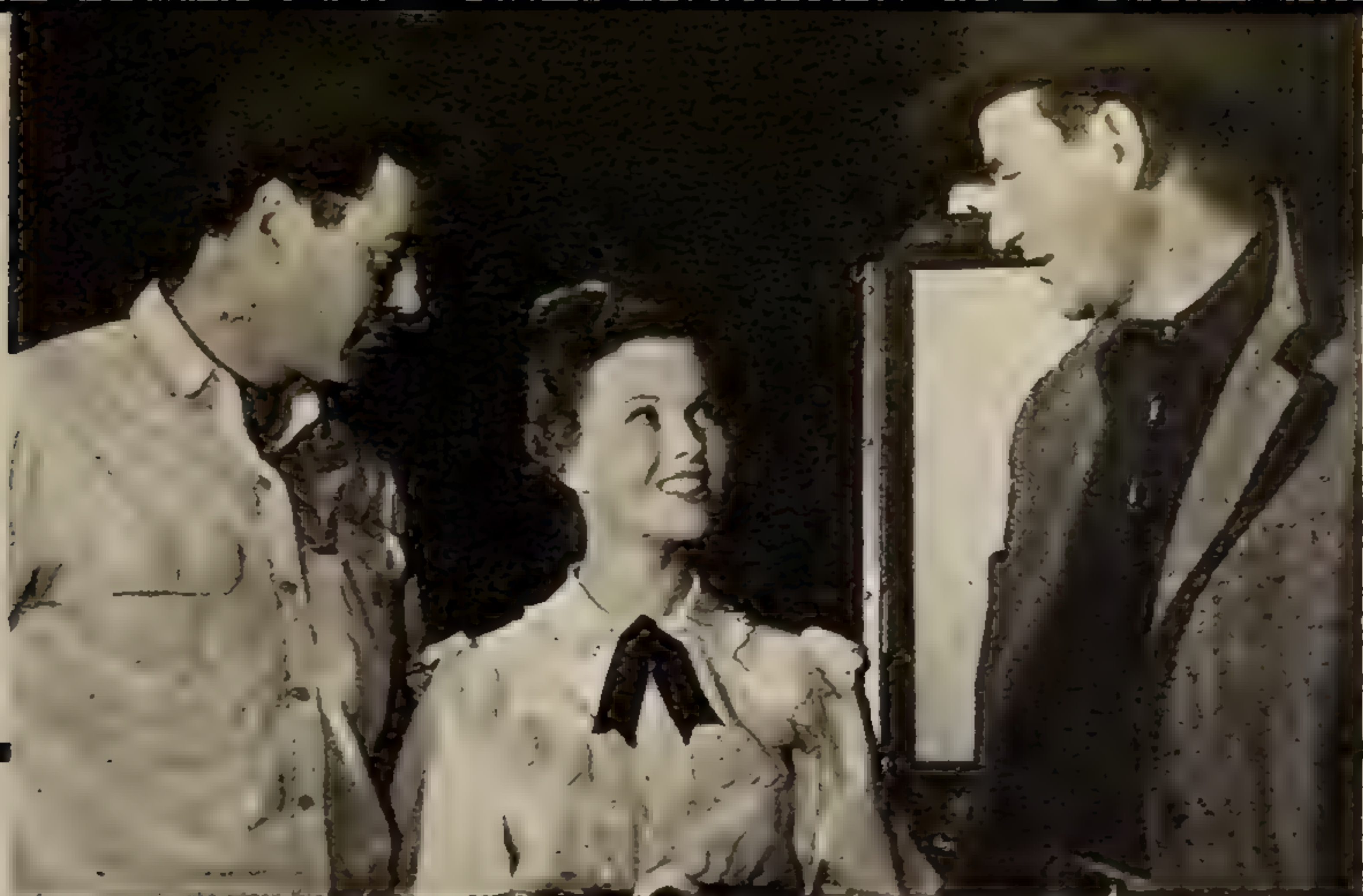
"We had the good fortune, Jack and I, of working in 'Fort Apache'—Jack's first film." Above, Shirley and her handsome young husband share a scene with Victor McLaglen in the new John Ford Western released by RKO.

Shirley's Own Story



For the first time, Shirley Temple Agar tells you, in her own words, just what it means to her to be the happy wife of Jack Agar and the proud mother of baby Linda Susan





Shirley Temple's co-stars in "Fort Apache" are Henry Fonda, left, and John Wayne. Since it is his movie debut, John Agar is not a star, but a featured player. However, Shirley never doubts that Jack will be a star himself soon.



Scene sure to cause audience chuckles is that above, in which the real-life Agars take their marital problems seriously—yes, they play a young married couple in this spectacular saga of early Americana.

JACK and I waited for the birth of Linda Susan Agar in as happy a state of mind as two young married people could be. We had had the good fortune of working together in the picture, "Fort Apache"; we had found that our affection, which we had sensed almost as soon as we met, was growing into daily discovery of tastes and interests we shared—we were happy!

The baby herself arrived without any exceptional circumstances. Two hours later the phone by my hospital bed rang; a close friend had called to ask the news. Mother and the nurse had stepped to the door. I picked up the receiver, answered and chatted! The most important event in any woman's life, her first baby, was a reality.

Before Linda Susan arrived Jack and I had agreed on names. If our baby had been a boy he would have been John George Agar II. I was opposed, in case of a girl, to another Shirley in the family—maybe I had heard my own name too much. Jack liked Susan and I liked Linda. I didn't choose the name for anyone. We simply liked it. We had also agreed that we had no preference as to a boy or a girl.

Before I forget it, Miss Evans has suggested I describe Linda Susan's clothes, and the ones I have had since she arrived. Actually, I'd like to tell you first about the outfit we like best. It's Susan's christening outfit and Jack and I bought it together before she was born. But people have been wonderful in their gifts, both our personal friends and fans. One lady from England sent Susan and me matching red and white aprons and Susan got loads of knitted and crocheted booties, bonnets, robes and things like that. A fan in New York found out the bank my father used to work in and started a bank account for Susan in her own name and deposited five dollars. Another fan in Finland sent us a coffee set with an extra little matching cup for Susan. And talking about her clothes makes me think how excited I was when I went out to buy my first evening dress after the baby was born. I hadn't had anything new in so long and it was wonderful fun to be shopping again. I bought a white mouseline de soie with a huge bouffant skirt.

And I guess the "new"—or maybe now the "old"—look has gotten me a little, as I bought two new skirts and they're longer than I usually wear.

Linda Susan will not result in my stopping work. I believe it is good for me to keep on, and life for us three, as Jack and I see it, will include our working together when possible. Right now we're beginning a new picture called "Baltimore Escapade."

One of the great decisions we had to reach—this was, of course, before Linda Susan—was when Jack received his offer from David O. Selznick. I stopped in Salt Lake City, after a tour of servicemen's hos- (Please turn to page 52)

Shirley says, "Linda Susan's arrival will not result in my stopping work. Life for us, as Jack and I see it, will include our working together when possible. Right now we're beginning a new picture, 'Baltimore Escape.'"




TOGETHER AGAIN!

EDITOR'S NOTE

When Hollywood recently learned that Tierney and Oleg Cassini had reconciled, the town rocked on its ear. For Hollywood had believed that here was one marriage where the two people concerned would never reconcile. Most of the reconciliations you read about in the newspapers occur in the cases of stars who have never drifted as far as the divorce courts. Linda Darnell and Pey Marley, for instance, reconciled after a separation lasting eight months, but Linda actually never got near a divorce court. As for Danny Kaye and his wife—Danny was like a small boy playing hookey. He had been with his wife so constantly that possibly a change was refreshing for both of them.

But Gene Tierney went to the divorce courts. She

charged mental cruelty—and she came out of the divorce court with an interlocutory decree. After that you read many rumors in the newspapers to the effect that Gene would marry a rich society scion, etc. But you did not read those rumors in SCREENLAND, because we believe in bringing you the truth—not just idle gossip. Gene took a long time to make up her mind exactly what she wanted to do. When she was sure she was making the right decision, there was a complete reconciliation. In keeping with its policy of bringing you authentic facts, not just idle gossip, SCREENLAND presents herewith a story by Gene Tierney herself in which she bares her thoughts and her heart. She talks not only of her marriage, but about all the things that matter most to her. This article should give you an insight into Gene's heart.



Gene Tierney reconciles

with Oleg Cassini! Here's

the story behind the news



This Is How I Feel Now!

By
GENE TIERNEY



THE nicest moments of marriage come when either the husband or the wife says, "You know, I was completely wrong about such and such." If a man is unwilling ever to admit that he was in the wrong, then he is a small man. He can be an Adonis but if he can't bear to say at any time, "I was wrong," then I think he is impossible for a thinking, intelligent wife to live with. If a man has any brains, he can't be that way. That is so narrow, and to be narrow-minded is unintelligent.

In my marriage, there have been times when I have admitted I was wrong and also times when Oleg has admitted he was wrong. People who can't bear to make such an admission are, in my opinion, too petty to achieve any sort of married happiness. I think that one of the worst possible marriage partners is a pig-headed person.

Many people have ideas on love and romance and marriage that are built around a lot of illusions. For instance, I don't believe that you can see a person across the room and fall in love with him. However, there may be a chemical attraction between two people at first sight. The chemical attraction is not by itself love. There may be

two dozen people to whom you could be chemically attracted, but of that number only three with whom you could achieve a happy marriage. I don't believe that there is one man for every woman, and one woman for every man, and that if they don't meet that one person, they can't be happy. There may be a dozen people in the world with whom you could be happy, if you happened to marry them. But besides these dozen people, there are others to whom you might be chemically attracted, but to whom you couldn't be happily married.

You and the person you marry should have fun together; you should be good companions; you should think alike on some things, and you should both be reasonable people. All these things, I feel, were true of Oleg and myself—and so a reconciliation was possible.

SCREENLAND has asked me to bare my secret thoughts not only on marriage, but on the other problems that confront all of us today. I know it's difficult to talk on such serious subjects without exposing myself to a great deal of criticism. But that's a chance I'm willing to take. Some very wise person once (*Please turn to page 66*)



Gene's happy again! Star of 20th's "The Iron Curtain" with Dana Andrews and "That Wonderful Urge" with Tyrone Power, Gene resumes her life as Mrs. Oleg Cassini, enjoys her charming little home, the five-room cottage at left which she remodeled from a hillside stucco bungalow and completely decorated herself.



Sir Laurence

and his Lady

WHEN I told Laurence Olivier I was going to write about him, he opened his expressive dark eyes wide and remarked: "I don't see how you can possibly say anything interesting. All I do is work through the week and relax at home on Sunday. And Vivien does exactly the same."

"Just that," agreed Mrs. Olivier with her light lovely laugh. "But we don't ever want to do anything else. We're completely happy and contented."


So there you have the philosophy of this pair of screen and stage stars, two people who live entirely for the same things and for each other. They felt that same sense of belonging together the first time they ever met, which was on the set at Denham Studios twelve years ago. Both have won international fame since then and each acknowledges gladly it was their marriage which wrought it. After Laurence Olivier had been able to make Vivien Leigh his second wife in California, he gained a noticeable maturity, a dramatic power and confidence springing from security of happiness that made itself manifest in his acting. Vivien too shed her early rather coy mannerisms and whimsicalities, developing into a poised young woman with true sense of emotions at last.

Now the Oliviers are London's reigning incomparable couple of the studio and the theater, spoken of in the same breath because it is so difficult to separate them even in thought. True, they do not always act together, but they are closely associated with each other's films. Vivien helped her husband with innumerable details during the making of "Henry V," from choosing costumes to doing research work. Now she is supporting him in the same way for his current film of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," for which he is producer and director as well as star.

It has long been the Oliviers' ambition to share a film, as they did in "That Hamilton Woman" some years ago, so Vivien had thought she might play *Ophelia*. But Larry has never considered that one of Shakespeare's strongest feminine parts, and when he came to make the inevitable cuts in the story—a full-length production of "Hamlet" would take six hours to screen!—the mad (*Please turn to page 70*)

Sir Laurence Olivier prefers to be called Mr. Olivier by his co-workers, still Larry by his friends. Left below, with visitor from Hollywood Ray Milland. Center, Vivien Leigh in "Anna Karenina," with Keiron Moore. Right, Olivier in his magnificent new production of "Hamlet," with Jean Simmons as Ophelia and Eileen Herlie, right below, as the Queen.





Vivien Leigh and Laurence
Olivier are living a real-
life romance more
fascinating than their
own greatest films

By
**Hettie
Grimstead**



SUN VALLEY

(ANN) SOTHERN STYLE



Ann went to Sun Valley to forget, after her divorce from Bob Sterling. But she remembered to write this chatty, intimate letter to her good friend Jerry Asher, and we're happy to publish it for Ann's fans, too

Sun Valley Lodge,
Sun Valley, Idaho

JERRY dear:

First, please forgive me for not having answered that marvelously funny birthday letter of yours! The first time I read it, I fell right off the chair. Then suddenly I had a horrible feeling of guilt. Thank heaven you are an old friend and understood it was too soon after my divorce to put my mind on that story for *SCREENLAND*. Too soon to put my mind on anything, I guess, except plans to get out of town. And that I did. Here I am at beautiful Sun Valley. But don't get me started. After all, I'm *not* on the payroll of the local Chamber of Commerce!

As I was saying, when your birthday letter arrived I realized I hadn't sent you those notes for your story, as I promised. To be quite honest, I think it's really worked out better this way. After several weeks of just sort of doing nothing, and by that I mean nothing planned or compulsory, I'm beginning to feel fit again.

The complete serenity of the surrounding snow certainly has a soothing effect on one's whole outlook. And getting away, I believe, serves to reset values and hastens adjustment.

Now, regarding notes and news for your story. As you know, selling "sliced ham" is a little more in my line! However—supposing I just sort of jot things down as they come to my mind—starting with January 2nd, the day I got my divorce from Bob. (Sterling). This all comes under the heading of "Sun Valley Reflections"—if you'll pardon the pun. My pen is poised. Are you listenin'?

Looking back, (which ordinarily *isn't* an old Sothorn custom) being an actress doesn't help much when the scene is set for *real* life instead of reel life. How frightfully scared and nervous you are, when you actually have to face the court. And how final it is when you realize this is it—it's all over—I'm *divorced*. Maybe some women have reason for rejoicing, but to me no matter how you look at

it, it's still admitting that things couldn't work out. It's accepting a failure.

Following the usual procedure, the photographers wanted "news" pictures. Some news!!! Naturally the presiding judge couldn't be expected to sit there while the cameras clicked at a silly movie star. I was terribly embarrassed, and afterwards went in and apologized. The following morning, Tisha, her governess Mademoiselle Oberlis and I, boarded the City of Los Angeles. With 15 pieces of luggage, a case of canned baby food, two fur coats, a radio, heating pad and a copy of Emmett Fox's "Sermon on the Mount," this little *Portia* faced life!

Thirty-six hours later, at 7:30 A. M., my three-year-old threw her first snowball. You know, Jerry, I've often wondered what I did before and how I've managed to survive without her. She is such a great joy! I realize, though, it's going to be a great responsibility to raise her properly. I don't believe a child should grow up alone and just wish I had three more like Tisha right now. Someday if God is willing there will be. If not, I shall try to adopt them.

As time goes by, I hope it won't be too tough a job—raising a child in a home without a father, I mean—and I'm *not* feeling sorry for myself. To the contrary, it's the child I'm thinking about. My mother and father were di-



Sun Valley is a perfect place to forget your troubles, as Ann Sothorn found out. The Idaho all-year-round resort offers sun, snow, healthful recreation, and Hollywood celebrities. While Ann was there, her good friends the Ray Millands, left, and producer Joe Pasternak joined in the fun.



Ann Sothorn, below, forgets marital troubles in the bracing air of Sun Valley. She says of her divorce from Robert Sterling, left: "Maybe some women have reason for rejoicing, but to me no matter how you look at it, it's still admitting that things couldn't work out. It's accepting a failure."

forced, and I just hope I can manage half as beautifully as she did. No matter how often a father sees his child, he still misses a great deal by not "growing" along with her. Tisha is such a sensitive, adorable little girl. Sometimes she's very naughty, but most times she's an angel! Do I sound like a fond parent? I *am* one!

The days here have been wonderfully pleasant—and it isn't as if I were in a strange place. The Millands, Claudette Colbert, the Zanucks, the Gary Coopers, Merle Oberon and Lucien Ballard—many other friendly, familiar faces are quite in evidence. Still, there is always time, and it's no problem when one wants to be alone. There are sleigh rides for Tisha, and skiing, gay parties, and ice skating—if I could only skate! And as I said before, being away from the general routine of things does give one a good chance to "think."

Out of it all, I believe I'm going to be able to apply a new philosophy (for me at least) when I get back to Hollywood again. Why do marriages fail? As you begin to replace the pieces, you ask yourself this question. You know your own reasons, and yet you *still* ask. Perhaps it's because most women never believe a marriage could actually be a failure—until it is. I think that's what happened to me. So now I feel none of us has much (Please turn to page 51)



Gary Cooper, at Sun Valley with his wife, is as expert at skiing as he is at screen acting, and gives Annie a lesson in schuss artistry. Right above, Ann leaves the ski slopes for a little skeet shooting, coached by Joe Burgoyne, director of outdoor activities.



FRED ROBBINS



Right off the Record

Beguines and be-bops, lyrics lilting and groovey are all covered in the latest list of lacquers reviewed by gone guy Robbins

H'YA, Jack! Are you sharp as a tack? Well, fall in with the pack, and we'll dig some shellac!

And there sure is a mess of it bubblin' in the ever-lovin' oven. You'd blink your glimmers if you dug what an avalanche of wax pours into Robbins' Nest in a never-ending stream. If you think it's

pie to put a show together and wade through the mound of ear-offending sound that is hurting to spin under your needle, you got too much lettuce in your salad. If everything that was issued was played—murder! The kid in gray would drown us in linen the next day with beefs. 'Cause it really is fierce—the

amount of junk that comes out. Every guy the country over who lends needle to wax owes his rascals who fall by the sound box the obligation of weeding out the nowhere material and playing only the good stuff. S'what we try to do in these pretty pages, take good care of your audio cavity and spare you the "Near You," "Four Leaf Cover," "Baby Face" type of drivel. Or don't you agree? Well, make me know it, hey!

HEAVENLY!

LENA HORNE: How that Cole Porter can scribble those sharps and flats with the rests in just the right place. And he never (Please turn to page 68)

Guests in Robbins' Nest, above, Dick Haymes and Vivian Blaine get gleeful greet from Fred, who enjoys helping Viv, far left, with wrap. Jackie Cooper, left, talks with an eager listener during radio broadcast.



NEW GRAND SLAM
IN LIPSTICK SHADES...



TANGEE'S PINK OF PERFECTION "PINK QUEEN"



TANGEE'S new "PINK QUEEN" is Leap Year's "come hither" color—but definitely! It's bright. It's light. It's fashion right. And, of course, like all Tangee super-shades, it goes on easier...stays on longer. Yes, that summer romance is in the cards with "PINK QUEEN"—Tangee's pink of perfection!



Joan Blondell

Glamorous star, says: "Pink lipstick's the Hollywood craze and "Pink Queen" is the perfect pink."

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RED MAJESTY	MEDIUM RED
GAY-RED	THEATRICAL RED
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Tangee

THE WORLD'S NO. 1 LIPSTICK



"RIVER LADY"

THE name *River Lady* was sprawled over the sides of the huge river sidewheeler in letters four feet high, but the boat nosing its way to the dock of the small lumber town had as little right to the title as the girl standing there on the deck. For one was as shady as the other, the ship known from one end of the Mississippi to the other as a floating gambling palace and the girl Sequin who owned her.

She was startlingly pretty with her strange green eyes and her sullen mouth as vivid as a scarlet poppy against the soft olive of her skin. Even now, dressed in the inconspicuous fashion of more shel-

tered women, there was something about her that still set her apart from them, a restlessness, a ruthlessness, as provocative as it was disturbing. And when she smiled, hearing that sudden, warning cry, there was an excitement about it that held none of the demureness of those other women's smiles.

"The loggers are coming!" The cry deepened as more and more voices took it up, and Sequin laughed as respectable citizens scurried to the safety of their homes and shopkeepers hurried into their shops. Even Sawdust Row, the tawdry street running next to the docks, yawned suddenly empty as its saloon keepers and

dance hall proprietors ran indoors to prepare for the coming avalanche. For now that the ice was breaking in the Mississippi, the loggers were swarming down from their camps in the timberlands with a winter's pay burning holes in their pockets and a nine months' thirst for excitement clamoring for release. Already some of the lumberjacks were beginning to jump off the logs rushing down the current and though the sight was always a thrilling one, it meant more this spring than it ever had before, now that some of that floating wealth belonged to her. And with the way Beauvais, her partner, had been buying up mills during the



Yvonne DeCarlo as Sequin, ambitious owner of the Mississippi gambling boat, "River Lady," conspires with Beauvais, smooth confidence man, to set up a syndicate to squeeze out the territory's independent lumber operators. But Sequin loves Dan Corrigan (Rod Cameron) and plots to marry him though faced with competition from Stephanie (Helena Carter), whose beauty rouses the loggers to fight over her.



In those turbulent times men fought it out with their fists whether for the price of women or of gold. Beauvais (Dan Duryea) and Dan Corrigan (Rod Cameron) clash at every point, the climax coming when Beauvais and his men jam the logs and a terrific fight ensues in the river, with Dan and his men trying to dynamite the logs free. Always, behind the scenes, is Sequin, hoping to win and hold Dan's love.



Yvonne DeCarlo as *Sequin*, sirenish owner of a floating gambling palace in this colorful story of the old ruthless, reckless days of the great Mississippi River

winter, maybe by next year all of them would be hers, even old Morrison's and. . .

The thought went as Sequin heard the sudden commotion on the dock below her, and she laughed contemptuously as she saw the girl who should have known better to be on the streets at a time like this struggling desperately to free herself from the clutch of one of the loggers. Then her eyes narrowed as another lumberjack suddenly appeared as if from nowhere, and tearing the girl from the other's arms knocked him down with one hard blow.

"Dan!" Sequin called, but for once Dan Corrigan didn't hear her. Instead he turned to the girl who was looking at him as if she felt all the things Sequin had always felt about him, as she thanked him prettily and hurried away.

Then without even glancing toward the boat he swaggered off towards Ma Dunning's saloon.

"What a fool you are," a voice said suddenly and there was Beauvais coming toward her. "Corrigan—a river rat!"

Sequin kept staring at the door Dan had gone through that minute before. "He's enough for me," she said defiantly.

"You could own this river," Beauvais went on just as though he were telling her something she didn't know, something she hadn't been planning on since she'd first started working on this very boat as a dice girl. "And yet you pick on a logger to fall in love with. Why?"

"I don't have to explain that to *you*, Beauvais," she turned on him viciously. "I don't have to explain *anything* to you. Let's keep things on a business basis, shall we? And speaking about

that," her voice rose eagerly, "what about Morrison?"

"I made him an offer," Beauvais shrugged. "He's thinking about it. And besides him there are three others who'll be broke inside a year. Listen, Sequin, between us we can do anything our little hearts desire. We can . . ."

But Sequin wasn't listening. Her thoughts were running ahead of his words, running toward the day when Beauvais and the *River Lady* would be dropped out of her life, forgotten as everything else was forgotten, the dreary slum in New Orleans where she had been born, the hunger she had felt once and vowed she'd never feel again. Instead there was that picture of herself, rich and respectable, the lady she had always dreamed of being. And of course Dan was in that picture too, Dan Corrigan,



**Dan Duryea and Rod
Cameron co-star with
Yvonne DeCarlo in
Universal-International's
lusty drama,
novelized here**

**Fictionized by
Elizabeth
B. Petersen**

Sequin thought she had lost him, as she was walking along the river bank with Beauvais and there, just a few feet away from them, they saw Dan and Stephanie. Then came relief, as she watched, for she knew that no man would look that way at a girl he really loved, as if he were sorry for her.



It was coming true at last, the dream she had dreamed so long. Dan asked Sequin to marry him. Then the girl who had no right to be there, Stephanie, proposed a toast: "Here's to the bride," she said, "and to money and the things you can do with it." She looked straight at Dan: "She bought your job for you, or didn't you know?" Sequin knew then her dream was done; that she could never win Dan back.

no longer just the happy-go-lucky lumberjack who drove her crazy with his lack of ambition, but powerful and successful, a man worthy of being the husband of the grand lady she was going to be.

And so intent was she that she didn't notice that closed, speculative look that came in Beauvais' eyes, for knowing her as he did he sensed even those secret dreams of hers. But later, when the *River Lady's* main gambling room began filling up and her heart suddenly quickened as she saw Dan coming toward her, she felt that warning of danger as Beau-

vais hailed him from the bar. Still that warm, husky voice of hers didn't miss a beat of the song she was singing as she slowly circled the room, her eyes singling out one after the other of the men ogling her soft, sinuous body. She didn't even glance at Dan, but she knew instinctively that he was following her as she went to her own quarters. His eyes were warm as he stood there on the threshold taking in the loveliness of her face, of her creamy shoulders rising above the daringly low neckline of her evening gown. But when he spoke his voice sounded

casual, almost amused. "Well," he was grinning in that special way of his, "are you the richest woman on the river yet?"

"Almost," she said lightly. Then as he sat down on the tufted velvet sofa encircling one corner of the room, she went over to him. "I want to talk to you, Dan," she said, as she sat down beside him and her voice was serious now as she went on. "Don't you think it's time you came out of the woods and tried to make something of yourself? You could be a big man in this country, Dan. You have brains. You're not like the others and—" she took a deep breath, "I've got money, lots of it. With your help we could own both sides of this river as far as we want!"

His laugh stopped her, the way it always had before. "That's a lot of property," he teased. "What would we do with it?"

"Wouldn't you like to run things, Dan?" she went on, the desperation beginning to edge into her voice now. "Wouldn't you like to take things over and be somebody?"

His mouth tightened almost imperceptibly. "I am somebody," he said. "My name's Corrigan. Isn't that enough?"

"Sure it is," she said quickly. "Only," she looked at him speculatively, wondering just how far she could push him. "Well, for one thing you're out in the woods eight or nine months out of every year and . . . and I'd like to get married and have a home someday, Dan."

"But you don't want to marry a back country logger, is that it?" he asked sharply, and as she nodded his mouth set stubbornly. "Then you'd better get yourself another Corrigan. I've seen too many men work (Please turn to page 57)



"RIVER LADY"

A Universal-International Presentation. Screenplay by D. D. Beauchamp and William Bowers. From the novel by Houston Branch and Frank Waters. Produced by Leonard Goldstein. Directed by George Sherman with the following cast of principal players:

Sequin . . . Yvonne DeCarlo
Beauvais . . . Dan Duryea
Dan Corrigan . . .
Rod Cameron
Stephanie . . . Helena Carter



BE A GOOD
WINNER LIKE

*Loretta
Young*



It isn't easy to be a good loser. In Hollywood, it's even harder to be a gracious winner. Looks like Loretta Young knows the secret: frankly admitting her joy at winning her Oscar after 20 years in pictures, vowing she won't let the tribute go to her head but instead, will strive for even finer screen performances and another Oscar!



Here's a closeup of the characterization that won Loretta her cherished Academy Award: the forthright and fearless heroine of "The Farmer's Daughter." Next for Loretta: Hal Wallis' "The Accused," opposite Robert Cummings.

Bob Hope models what the well-dressed guest of honor should wear at the Flamingo Hotel during the celebration of Helldorado week in Las Vegas. Below, Arlene Dahl and Turhan Bey, who met at one of Cobina Wright's parties, share popcorn at Ice Capades.



Here's Hollywood

EVEN though Bing Crosby was in New York on his 44th birthday, Bob Hope didn't forget him. He wired the various restaurants and night spots, hoping Bing would be celebrating in one of them. Bob thoughtfully (?) requested they greet the birthday boy with the haunting strains of "Silver Threads Amongst the Gold."

SO HELP us, so help us—it really happened! We always knew Hollywood glamor girls tried to outdo one another. But get a load of this. A juvenile, cast in a big air epic, was told to let his beard grow. The star of the picture was given the same order. But when the star discovered the boy's beard was so much heavier and silkier, the front office "decided" the juvenile should play his part *smooth-faced*!

LARAINÉ DAY'S favorite gift from a fan is a parasol with a handle shaped like a baseball bat. The cast and crew on the "My Dear Secretary" set refer to her dressing room as "Day's Dugout." There's more than one reason why everyone loves to gather there. Laraine's installed a short wave set, so she can listen in to the Dodgers.

ANNE BAXTER, John Hodiak, the John Lunds, the John Emerys, the Mark Stevens—were a few who sat around at the Zachary Scotts' party and tried to make poems that rhymed with movie star's names. With shame we print the results: "Oh Heck, it's Gregory Peck." "Don't groan, it's Celeste Holm." "So help us and save us, it's Bette Davis." There were others, too. But you get the idea. Why not try it yourself? You'll probably think of better ones.

ARLENE DAHL, who is the newest and prettiest "Dahl" (we just *had* to say it!) on the MGM lot, has the local lads looney. Practically every eligible bachelor keeps trying to date her. Arlene, who plays opposite Red Skelton in "A Southern Yankee," invariably declines. Then they see her out with Sir Charles Mendl, Otto Preminger, and other escorts who are old enough (and then some!) to be her father. Maybe she's got a secret heart tucked away for safe-keeping.

WE COULDN'T tell whether it was the fish carrying the man—or the man carrying the fish! However, it turned out to be Dana Andrews lugging home a giant swordfish, which he caught from the deck of "The Vileehi." Thoughtful guy that he is, Dana left most of it at an orphanage, where the kids have grown to love him.

KNOWING Susan Peters as we do, we aren't a bit surprised that she's interested in taking flying lessons! Now that she's separated from Richard Quine, Susan will devote her life to new achievements. Richard, who is producing a picture at Columbia, will always adore his wife. But as long as she's confined to her wheel chair, it's Susan's belief that she should not remain married.

"THE LADY from Lariat Loop," and we do mean Betty Hutton, has a second baby girl. Little Candace Briskin weighed in at seven pounds. One of her most original "premiere" presents came from Joan Crawford. It was an order from a leading Hollywood photographer for her first glamor sitting!

Gossip by Weston East

Photos by Len Weissman

Perry Como, now working in MGM's "Words and Music," helps Esther Williams enjoy canapes at his party.



Diana Lynn, who, they say, is undecided about marrying Bob Neal, attends Perry's party at the Mocambo.



Gossip

YES, this is America! When Babe Ruth visited 20th Century-Fox recently, the news spread like a swarm of locusts. The entire lot turned out to see the "Sultan of Swat," who is in Hollywood to supervise "The Babe Ruth Story." Believe it or not, everyone from the messenger boys to top executives lined up for the beloved baseball star's autograph. And right in the middle stood an excited Betty Grable, who exclaimed to Dan Dailey: "I hope I have enough nerve to ask for *two* autographs, for both my children!"

DENNIS Morgan, who is taking his career (and some say himself) quite seriously these days, wants to stop making those "Two Guys" pictures with Jack Carson. Dennis has a new and very lucrative contract. So he now prefers dramatic parts that require more dignity. The studio naturally wants to keep the series going. Those "Two Guys" top the greatest stars at the box-office and that's very important these days.

ROMANCE was rampant the night Peter Lind Hayes opened at Ciro's. Cyd Charisse looking starry-eyed with Tony Martin (they'll be married by the time you read this); Marilyn Maxwell with Michael North (some say their engagement is a publicity stunt); Diana Lynn and Bob Neal, Clark Gable with Anita Colby (again) were among the spec-

Maureen O'Hara and husband arrive at premiere of "Letter From an Unknown Woman" where roses were presented to the fair femmes.





Foursome at Ice Capades are Donna Reed and her husband, Dick Powell and June Allyson.



Husbands and wives teamed for dancing at right are Shirley Temple and John Agar at Ciro's, the Gary Coopers. Above, Bob Lowry takes Barbara Lawrence for a spin around the Flamingo Hotel dance floor.

tators. Peter, by the way, told his enthusiastic audience that someone sent a photo of Sinatra to Europe — and now *they're* sending food to America!

DAN Cupid's arrows certainly fly in the oddest directions! No one thought much about Greer Garson's dates with George Jessel until friends of the witty actor-producer began to notice a great change in him. As one close friend put it, "When George rushes home to put on white tie, top hat and tails for the opera, you *know* he's serious!" Greer, who's bent on getting some fun out of life these days, couldn't pick a wittier escort.

LANA Turner may have her faults, but what a good sport she is! Despite those untrue stories of her collapse following her marriage to Bob Topping, she bears no malice. Not many know that at heart lovely Lana is an extreme senti-

mentalist. For example, when she married Topping, she insisted on wearing little daughter Cheryl's tiny diamond cross, on a chain around her neck.

PERRY COMO's back, in pictures that is, and this time his wonderful singing talent won't be wasted. His first day on the "Words and Music" set, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Ann Sothern, Tom Drake and the rest of the stellar cast ganged up on him. Attaching gift cards bearing the names of Crosby, Sinatra and Tony Martin, they covered his dressing room table with bottles labeled "Poison," "Ant Paste," and "Arsenic."

THEIR last and final attempt at reconciliation has failed for Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. He's back in his bachelor quarters and Jane has filed her divorce suit. Both even sought outside help in the hopes of untangling their

marital snarl. Friends frankly feel their marriage had reached the state of complete boredom, with divorce seemingly the only solution. During the adjustment period, Ronnie's been having a few dinner dates with Ann Sothern. Jane's taking painting lessons from Paul Clemens and avoiding all social activity.

ABSOLUTELY no one has been allowed to see "The Snake Pit" except those very close to the production. Darryl F. Zanuck keeps the master print locked in his personal vault and *only* he has the combination. When the cutter needed to work on it one day, a special guard was placed in front of the projection room door. It's so great (and gruelling) that 20th Century is positive it will be next year's Academy Award picture, with another award for star Olivia de Havilland. (Remember, we fictionized this film for you.)

HOLLYWOOD at its gayest! That's the only way to describe the Reggie Gardiner party to celebrate Russian Easter. Gowns, girls, giggles galore. Beautiful Nadia Gardiner baked the cheese cake. Inimitable Reggie cooked the beef Stroganoff. Leave it to Mitch Leisen to present his host and hostess with a huge Easter egg covered in sequins! Hoagy Carmichael played and sang his new "Monkey Song" and right off the plane from Honolulu came Constance Moore and Johnny Maschio with leis for everyone.

ANN Sothern couldn't have looked more surprised when Clark Gable, stopping by to see her on the "Words and Music" set, casually remarked: "Oh, by the way, I just left your ex-husband!" Sure enough, Bob Sterling, who once asked to be released from MGM, is back in that all-male stellar cast of Clark's "Command Decision." A living's a living — but Ann and Bob would still be just as pleased if they could avoid running into each other.

NOW that Margaret Sullavan has won her divorce from Leland Hayward (who is devoted itself to the ex-Mrs. Howard Hawks) Hollywood's betting that she will marry Jimmy Stewart. Certainly he has made no secret of his long-lived admiration, and most Hollywood maidens believe the Sullavan brand of personality has spoiled Jim for any other girl. Speaking of the popular Mr. Stewart (who is merely magnificent in Alfred Hitchcock's "Rope") after years of evading publicity he's hired himself a personal press agent.

TYRONE Power has certain close friends who aren't too impressed with Linda Christian. On the other hand, Linda could name a few she could do without. All of which presented a bit of a problem when Ty made out the guest list for his recent dinner party. According to those who "made it," Linda wasn't quite sure whether she should play the rôle of guest — or hostess. True love (if you'll pardon the expression) never runs smooth!

Below, Alan Ladd and his sweet Sue arrive at première; George Jessel and Greer Garson are finding mutual interests; Jackie Coogan and Donald O'Connor like each other's popcorn.



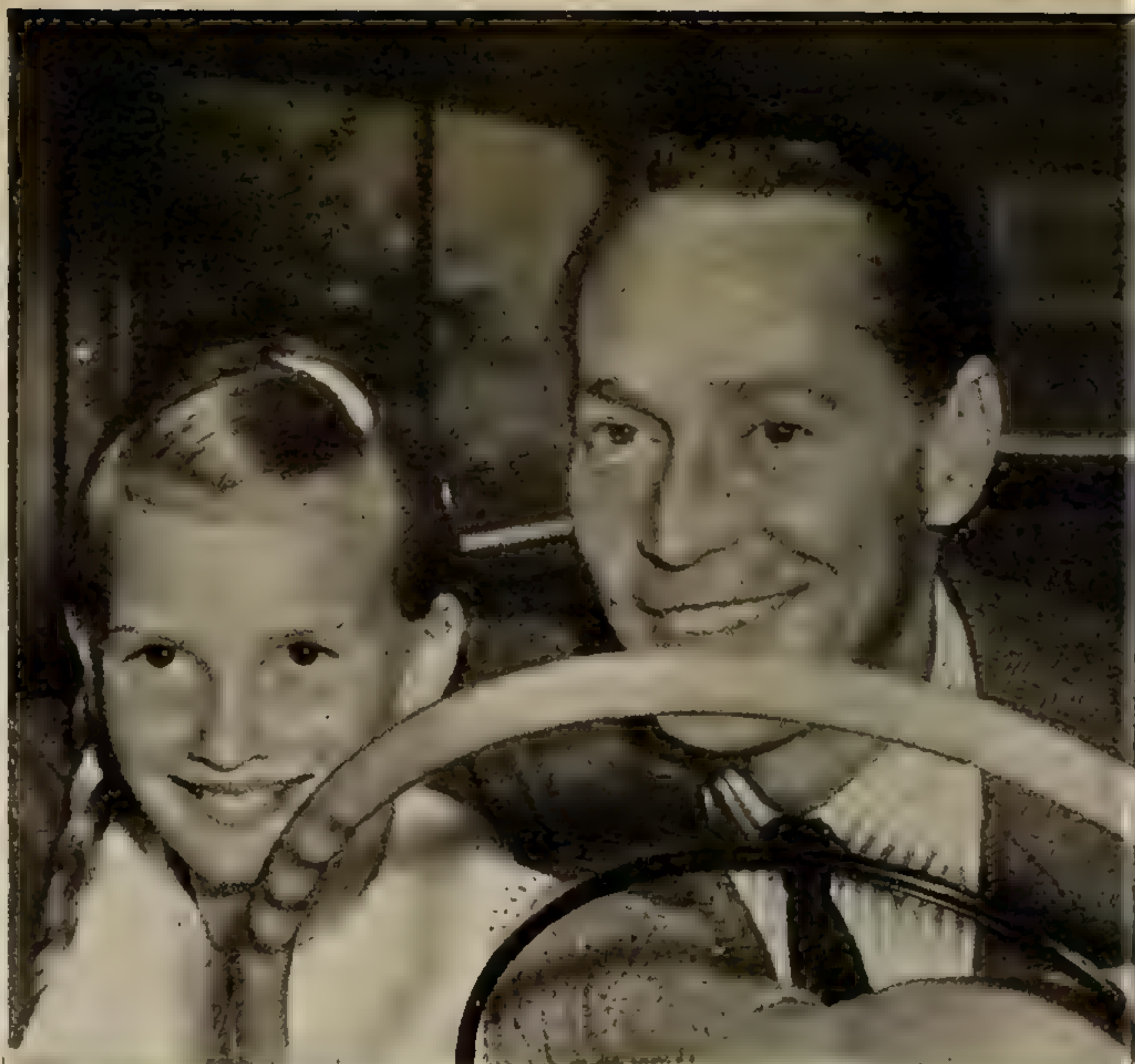
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LOOK FOR THE  FLYING FISH

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BY
KAROL
WALLACE



Franchot is shown here with the four femmes: his wife, Jean; his sister-in-law, Karol; his co-star, Janet Blair; his publicity counselor, Helen Ferguson. Two more important members of the Tone family, below, are 3-year-old Jeff and 6-year-old Pat.

SOMETIMES people think he is my father instead of my brother-in-law because I am only nine years old. He is my brother-in-law because he is married to my sister Jean. She is a balond and very nice but not so polight to me as Franchot. He is the nicest persohn in the whole world. He pleases me offen. He is so nice and good and kind and unselfish and jenerous and he is going to give me a part in one of his pictures so I can be an actress. He gave me a fishing rod, too, when we were in Canata and his nefew, Billy Tone woodnt let me use his. He had to go into town to get it for me. It rained after that and I didnt

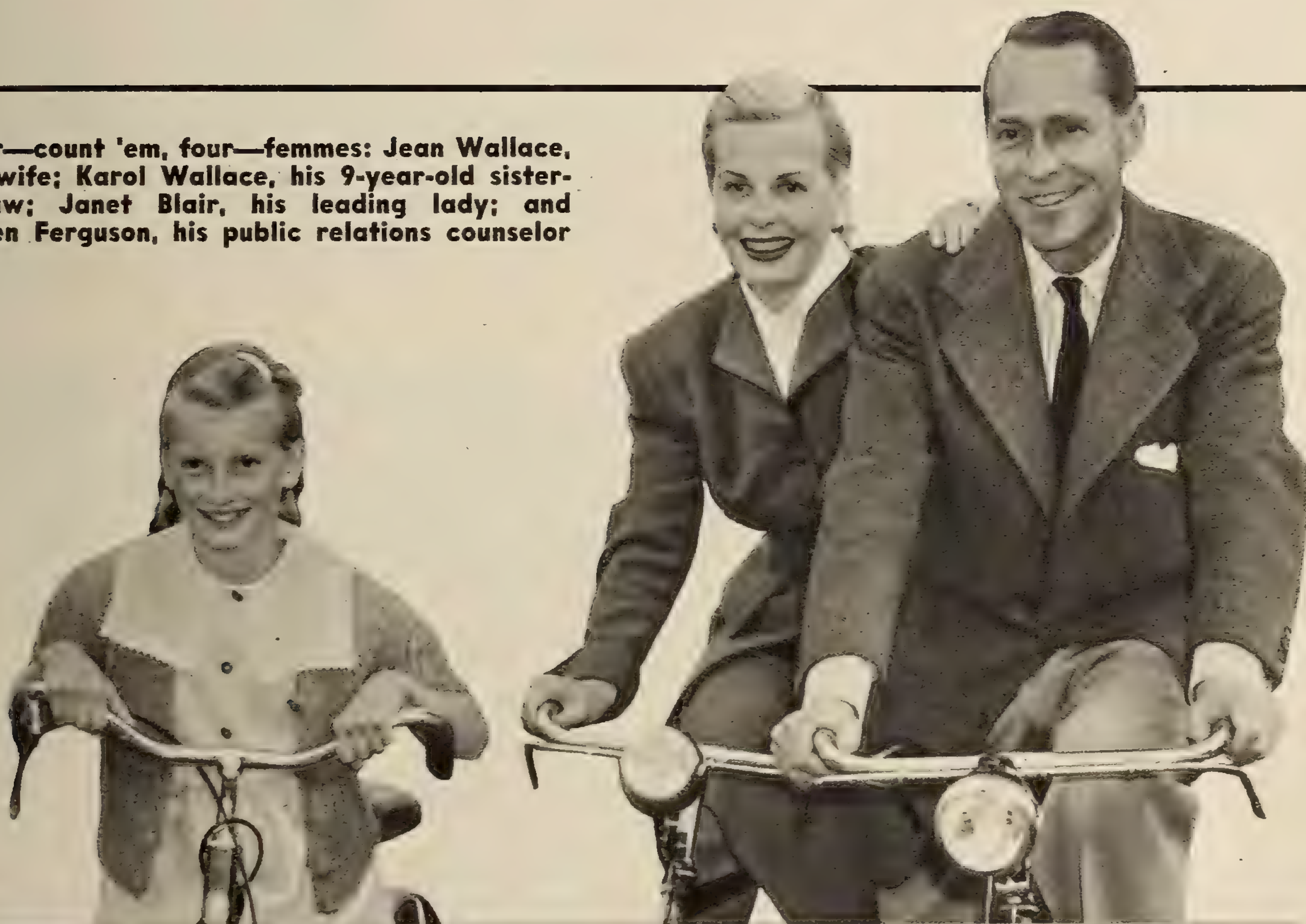


Franchot's Femmes!

*

Four women in his life tell all, but all, about the suave and elegant Mr. Tone

Four—count 'em, four—femmes: Jean Wallace, his wife; Karol Wallace, his 9-year-old sister-in-law; Janet Blair, his leading lady; and Helen Ferguson, his public relations counselor



get to go fishing but after I am an actress I will still have it. So I am not mad any more. Franchot explained about being mad and so I am taking his advice about it because you have to save all those things like being mad and sad and crying to use for your work.

It is hard work to be an actress Franchot says and he never lies about anything and works very hard even though he is an actor all ready. He says there is no end to working but I am still going to be an actress. Franchot says if I am good in my first scene I will get more. I know I will be good and after I get more of them I will be a star or at least one of a cupful of people in the background and it will all be because Franchot gave me my start. I will always

remember him no matter how big a star I am. And I wont forget when he tells me like I did when we went canooing in Canata and Franchot told me to ware my coat and I didn't and got a bad cold and upset him and Jean and we had to miss our train. Jean told me I shuld have listened to Franchot. She said it in her defnitt voice. Franchot didnt say anything and that made me feel worse. But Franchot wont answer people back not even me and when he doesnt say anything it is like a big noize because in in my head I know what he could say. He is like Abraham Lincoln who was the 16th-president of the United States and studied hard and even wrote on a shuvel. Franchot studies hard but he has a nice desk to do it on.

(Please turn to page 64)

OF JUDY Garland, you said, "I think that child has more talent in that little body of hers than anybody that's been around in a long time." You added (Get this, Judy, this is IRVING BERLIN speaking!) "She's a songwriter's dream. I'll go on record as saying that."

Of Fred Astaire you said, "I'd rather have Astaire sing some of my songs than anybody, anybody at all." Recalling, with satisfaction, that Fred introduced your song, *Putting on the Ritz* in the Paramount film, "Blue Skies," and your *Cheek to Cheek* in RKO's "Top Hat," you added, "In 'Easter Parade' Astaire introduces *Drum Crazy*, one of the new tunes I wrote for the picture, and is wonderful."

"It may be said," you went on, "But has Astaire got a voice?" You added, with a shrug, "You wouldn't say that Maurice Chevalier has a 'voice,' now, would you? But Chevalier puts a song

over; he knows *how*. So does Astaire. A dancer, he knows what a song takes. A stylist, he knows how to sing a song. Because he's so appealing—you'd all like to dance with him, wouldn't you?—so likable, you like the songs he sings, in the way he sings them.

"In 'Easter Parade' Peter Lawford sings another new tune I wrote for the picture. *A Fellow with an Umbrella*. Young Lawford hasn't a 'voice,' either. But because he, too, is so likable, so engaging—qualities vastly more important to a song than a 'voice,' I believe you will also like the song he sings in the way he sings it."

You added, "Though I may be risking my life in saying it, Bing sometimes gets away from the tune as written, as occasionally he gets away from the tune, as I wrote it, of *White Christmas*. But," you shrugged, "what of it? You want Crosby, you DO want Crosby because whatever Crosby does, however he does

it, it is attractive. It is *very* attractive.

"Al Jolson—for publication, I LOVE him! How can you not love someone who is as much a part of your household as a piece of bread? As much a part of your lives as sun and rain? Jolson has sung literally hundreds of my songs and although you would not class him with, say, a Melchior, he sings a song as a song should be sung, with his heart. He puts a song where a song belongs—in *your* heart. And so you, the people, go along, sing along, with him!" You added, "A song has got to be introduced, launched, by a Crosby, a Sinatra, a Como, a Jolson, a Garland; but, much as I admire the lady and the gentlemen I'd rather have my songs sung by you, the people—you've got," you laughed, "*the best voice!*"

At New York's chic L'Aiglon, you and this desk were cosily at lunch for the major purpose of discussing—remember, Mr. Berlin?—a picture. The picture be-

By Gladys Hall



On the 40th anniversary of his first song-writing, Irving Berlin sits down at his famous piano, specially constructed to shift into any key he wishes from the one key he knows, F-sharp, and composes a tune for "Easter Parade."

SING, AMERICA, SING!





ing Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new Technicolor musical, "Easter Parade," based on one of your famous nostalgic tunes titled, in case no one has guessed, "Easter Parade," and starring Judy Garland, Fred Astaire and Peter Lawford. ("With Garland, Astaire, Lawford and dancer Ann Miller in one picture you have," you remarked parenthetically, "why Berlin wanted to do this picture!")

In "Easter Parade" we will hear, indeed, seventeen Berlin tunes—ten from your most memorable songs of the 1920's era and seven new songs which you wrote especially. (Leo the Lion must be lustily roaring, *There's No Business Like Show Business*) for the picture.

"Easter Parade" marks your fortieth anniversary as a songwriter, you told us, and is, happily, a gleam in your eye.

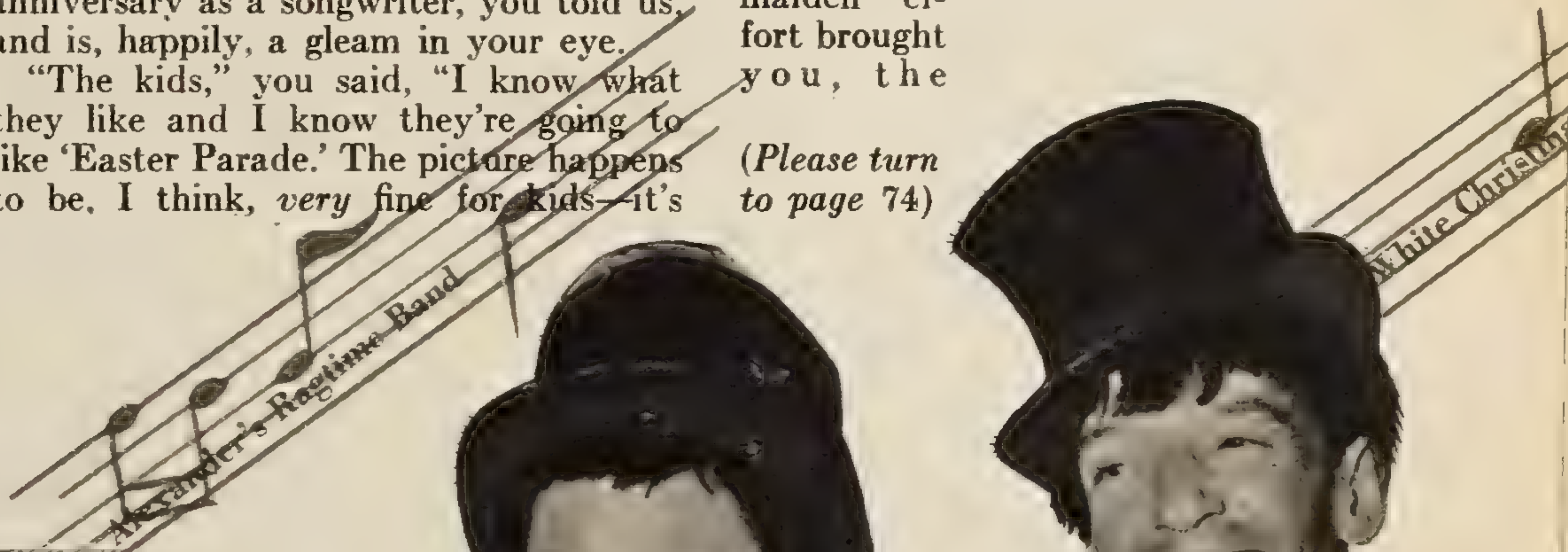
"The kids," you said, "I know what they like and I know they're going to like 'Easter Parade.' The picture happens to be, I think, *very fine* for kids—it's

gay, it's youthful, it has Easter in it, a very good selection of songs for teen-agers and a light love story. A theory I have always had is that in their tastes, emotions and reactions to songs people, from sixteen to sixty, are alike. In their reaction to a good love story people from sixteen to sixty are alike, too; which means, if my theory is correct and I know it is, I've tested it, that we've got a picture for the not-so-young and for the young. I think, by the way, it's the best picture the little Garland has had, so far. She thinks so, too."

Your first song, *Marie from Italy*, was published in 1907 when you (born May 11, 1888, and christened Israel Baline) were nineteen. The royalties from this maiden effort brought you, the

(Please turn to page 74)

Stars of "Easter Parade" are Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Ann Miller, above. Judy and Astaire are seen at right below in costume for their hilarious number, "A Couple of Swells." Composer Berlin names Judy, Fred, Frankie, Bing and Perry Como among America's leading song-stylists.



Chase away those blues with
a song! Whether you're
young, oldish, or medium,
make with the music
according to America's
favorite song-
writer, Irving Berlin.
Exclusive interview



Not Just Another

Blonde

BLONDES are a dime a dozen in screenland. Cuties with the vivacious air and the glittering hair are as much a part of Hollywood as cracks about liquid sunshine. Yet once in a while one of these blondes manages to create something of a stir. Such is RKO's sizzler, Gloria Grahame. Gloria, in case your movie education isn't on the beam, is the personality-plus blonde who came to attention first in "It's A Wonderful Life" and then went on to do a smash-up job in "Crossfire." Now she's playing her best rôle to date in "The Long Denial."

I went on the set of the picture to have a chat with Gloria and was in time to catch her singing a song for a scene. Many extras were seated about, adding their bits to the general gaiety of the whole thing. Gloria looked extremely calm as she went through her paces. But

when she came off the set and we went into her dressing room for a talk, she threw me a bombshell. "I've never been so scared as I was just then," Gloria remarked. "Singing before all those extras! They're used to working with some of the top stars in the industry—and that's all I could think of while I was doing the scene. My old self-consciousness cropping up again!"

That was the first I'd ever heard about Gloria being self-conscious. She'd always struck me as being completely self-assured on any and all occasions.

"I've had to fight that all my life," she continued. "I used to go to parties and be unable to open my mouth. Occasionally I'd meet someone at a party who made me feel sufficiently at ease so I could carry on a conversation, but with most people I just froze up. As a result,

I never went out too much. Not that I minded, because I was always more interested in acting than in having fun.

"It's always seemed strange to me that a self-conscious person should decide to become an actress. But in my professional life I haven't had to worry about my shyness so much. Naturally, I got butterflies before I went on the stage in a play, and I often get jittery before doing a scene in a picture. But once I'm on stage or once the camera starts to grind, I relax." She laughed lightly and added, "Yet look at the way I was about this scene I just did!"

Gloria then proceeded to tell me that the biggest fight she has had in her life has been to get rid of a certain amount of inferiority complex. And it's been quite a struggle. "When I was understudying the various actresses in plays," Gloria continued, "I used to watch them carefully. In fact, I watched them so closely that I began to imitate them. Perhaps that imitation was to build up confidence in myself. But in some cases, observing the work of others and noticing their mistakes made me feel more assurance. I realized at such times that I could do a part just as well—if not better—than they. This phase of my career, then,



Blondes may be a dime a dozen, but Gloria has that plus quality that commands attention. Above, with Maureen O'Hara and Director Nicholas Ray on the set of "The Long Denial," RKO's new mystery romance. Top, facing page, Gloria with Robert Sterling in her current release, "Roughshod."

was invaluable. It taught me two great lessons: to remember that if I tried there was no limit to what I could do, and not to imitate, simply to be Gloria Grahame.

"Getting over self-consciousness isn't an easy thing. I used to give myself pep talks about it. I told myself I couldn't get along anywhere if I continued to be so foolish. That's the first job any one has who is self-conscious. He must convince himself that it is a fault that must be overcome, that it can seriously detract from any possible success. My recent good fortune in pictures has helped some in that it has shown me that I must have offered something in my performances that was worthwhile, and that, therefore, there wasn't really anything for me to be self-conscious about.

"As for getting over this socially, that's something else. I learned only recently that it is much easier for me to mix in groups if I can get someone else to talk about himself. That usually opens up the door that blocks you and permits freedom in conversation. But actually the only advice I can give to anyone who is self-conscious is to remind that person that no one else will have any confidence or interest in her if she has none in herself. Progress can only be attained by a realistic appraisal of your own potentialities, by an assurance that you *can* do whatever you set out to do!"

Well, Hollywood has no doubts about Gloria's doing a job well. She's had some terrific plums handed her, on merit alone. The amazing part of her story is that she has never been one who just *had* to be a movie star.

"I didn't even expect to stay here when I came," Gloria told me. "I thought I'd draw a salary, do nothing, and then go back to the stage. I didn't for a moment take it seriously. Maybe it was because of this attitude that I was able to be as patient as I was those first two years in Hollywood.

"I was (Please turn to page 72)





Gloria Grahame is something

special, even for Hollywood

★ **By Jack Holland** ★



Celebrated social leader who reports the gay goings-on of the Hollywood stars is shown above with two handsome party guests, Cesar Romero and Robert Sterling (Ann Sothorn's ex-husband).

Cobina's GOSSIP of Hollywood

THERE goes the bride! Of course, I mean Lana Turner, most radiant of the glamor girls to tread the bridal path during a whole summer full of Hollywood weddings.

No Hollywood scenario could have had a happier or more appropriate climax to Lana's romance with multi-millionaire Bob Topping, for Lana was married in the home of Billy Wilkerson, publisher of the *Hollywood Reporter*. Wilkerson was the man who discovered Lana, then a Hollywood High School girl, eleven years ago in a Sunset Boulevard drive-in, just across the street from the High School. What a contrast between that naïve little high school girl, sipping a "coke" between classes eleven years ago, and the poised, successful and beautiful star, clad in a champagne-colored princess gown of satin and Chantilly lace, (just one item of her \$30,000 trousseau,) carrying a corsage of white orchids and possessively holding the arm of Bob Topping!

Lana's wedding was indeed lavish, with everything from bowers of flowers which cost a small fortune, to a champagne buffet for which food for the seventy-five guests was flown in from Boston, New Orleans and New York. All of this was spread amid banks of flowers on the terrace of Billy Wilkerson's two-story Georgian mansion in Bel-Air and the champagne which colored Lana's wed-

ding dress flowed copiously throughout the afternoon, following the ceremony. Guests at the reception included Joan Crawford, the Errol Flynns, Walter Wangers, Bing Crosbys, Bob Hopes, Richard Harts, David Nivens, Mervyn LeRoys, Darryl Zanucks and Louis B. Mayer. Two or three of Lana's former admirers, including Howard Hughes and Greg Bautzer, were among those present, although I noticed that Tyrone Power was conspicuously absent.

I was delighted to hear Lana say, in rebuttal to all the criticism her wedding plans have provoked, "Bob is the man for me! Our marriage is going to last!" because Lana's marital life has been a turbulent one and she experienced such past unhappiness that she deserves a chance to "live happily ever after" with Bob. In answer to those who have criticized Lana, Bob, and Hollywood's domestic affairs in general, I would like to point out the number of happily marrieds in the film industry whose domestic lives together have survived beautifully across the years. In the past few weeks alone, I have attended many parties, all for wedding anniversaries, wooden, crystal, pearl and golden—right here in screenland, where marriages aren't supposed to last!

As Frank Morgan, who has been married for 34 years, said to me the other night at a party for the Jean Hersholts,

We're going on a movie



Hollywood's in a marrying mood! Since Lana Turner's romantic wedding, which Cobina reports here, Marilyn Maxwell has become engaged to Michael North, below; and Diana Lynn has finally announced she'll wed wealthy Texan Bob Neal, shown below on opposite page at Bob's party with guests Marilyn and Mike. Below, party closeups: Bob Stack with heiress Irene McEvoy (watch this twosome); happy marrieds Sylvia Sidney and Carleton Alsup; ditto the Fred MacMurrays, with Eddie Sutherland; and George Murphy.



By

COBINA WRIGHT

Parties!

MARRY-go-round with Cobina!



Photos by Len Weissman

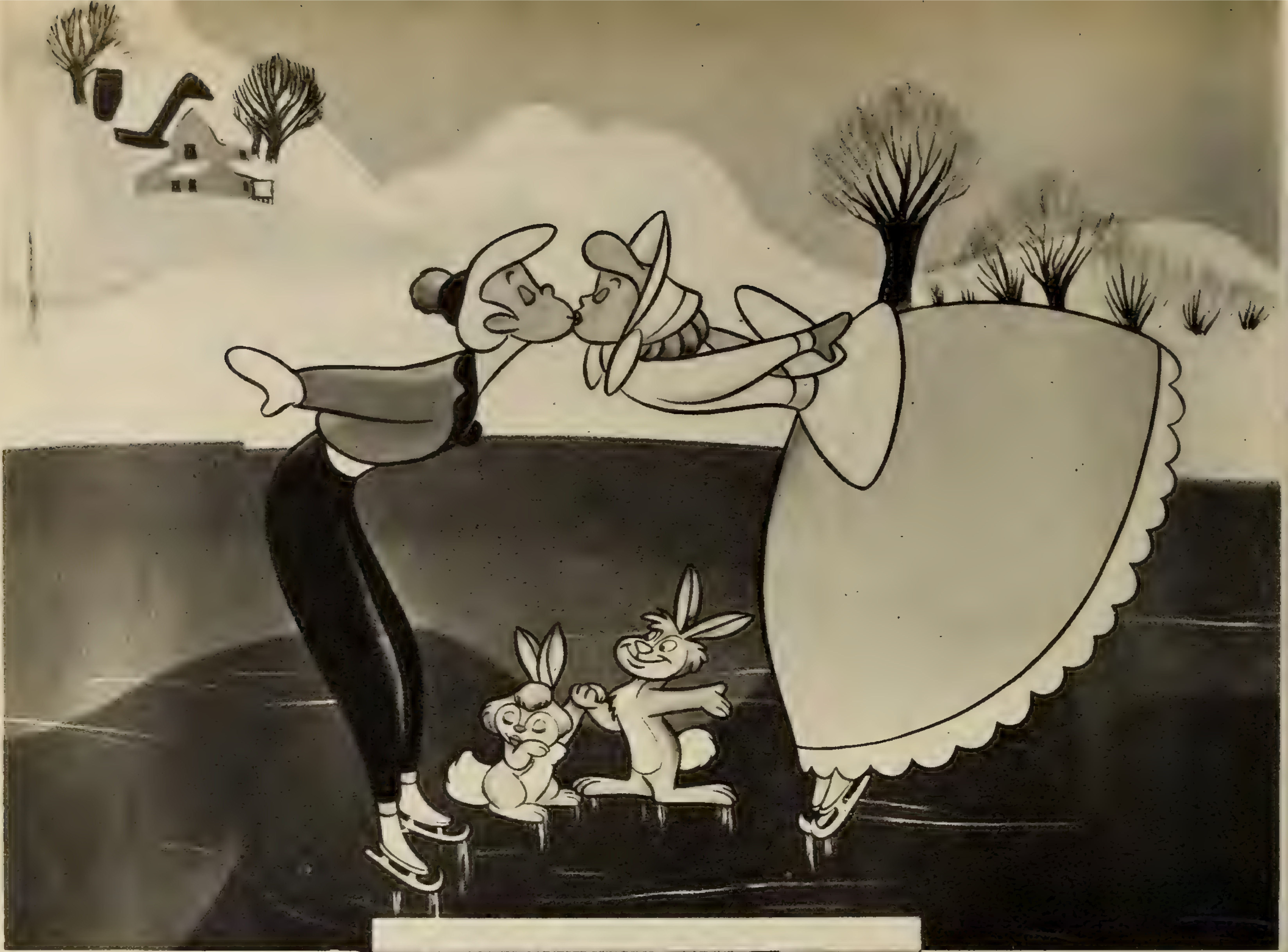


who have been married 33 years, "Cobina, no one ever mentions affairs like these. It's the divorces and re-marriages which get the publicity. Enduring marriages just aren't news."

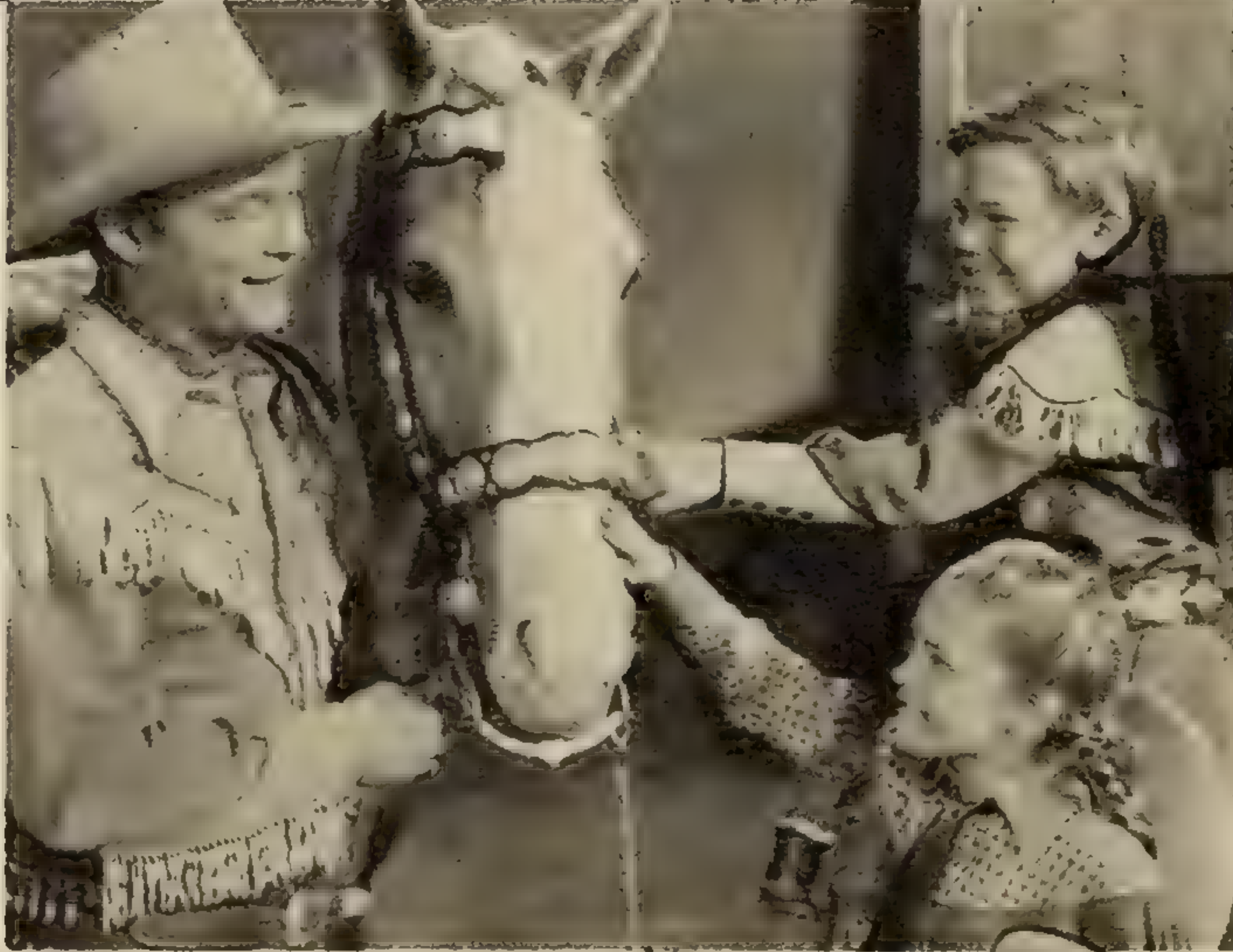
And he was so right! It's a side of Hollywood which gets all too little publicity. Just recently my friends, Hope and Bud Lighton, took over the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel for their 28th wedding anniversary party and literally proved the point in lavish style. Dinah Shore sang "The Anniversary Waltz," which Hope and Bud danced together, and then George Murphy, who has been married for 22 years, took over the "mike" and acted as master of ceremonies. First, he invited all the couples who had been married from one to five years to get up and dance, and immediately the Edgar Bergens, the Brian Ahernes, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, the Reggie Gardiners and the Bob Sinclairs responded. Next George announced that

the "married-from-five-and-ten" group were to dance, and Janet Gaynor and Adrian, the Kenneth McKennas, and the Ed Maltbys were whirling around. The ten-to-fifteen group brought Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, the Adolphe Menjous, the Hoagy Carmichaels. With the call for 15-to-20 years of "happily marrieds" there took to the floor Irene Dunne and Dr. Frank Griffin, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, the Leonard Firestones, the John Considines and the Pat O'Briens. The 20-to-25 group, believe it or not, brought out the Jimmy Cagneys, the Harold Lloyds, Charlotte Greenwood and her husband, Martin Broones, the Nigel Bruces, the Elliott Nugents, the Alfred Wallensteins and the Richard Wallaces. Here, George Murphy had to stop "calling" for a waltz around the floor, because he and his charming wife belong in this group, too!

But if you think this was the end, you are happily mistaken, for George went back to the (Please turn to page 56)



Cheer up, World!
Here's a new Walt
Disney treat to
amuse and enchant you



Who can describe the special delights of a Walt Disney picture? So we will just say that "Melody Time" is one of the better Disneys, celebrating the glories of young love (both in the human and animal kingdoms,) the legend of Johnny Appleseed, the charm of children (like Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten) the appeal of Roy Rogers and Trigger, and the new tunes, sung by Frances Langford, Dennis Day, and the Andrews Sisters, will have you humming from morning till night.



SCREENLAND

SALUTES

"Melody Time"



Sun Valley Sothern Style

Continued from page 31

control over what's to happen. The one alternative is to try and accept *every thing* in stride, if and when it does happen.

It's normal and natural for a man to be head of the family. That I thoroughly approve. But two acting careers in one family is an ageless Hollywood problem. And with few exceptions, I believe, practically impossible. In the first place, competition in the same business is dangerous under one roof. The demand on time is such that two people involved neither work the same hours, nor play the same hours. So instead of being engrossed in each other's welfare, they're caught up in a web of their own survival.

And so we have to learn to accept conditions as they *are*, not as we would *like* them to be. Of one thing I am positive. Each experience, no matter how sad or bitter, is part of living, part of acquiring wisdom and belonging to adulthood. But from now on I want to live from day to day, within reason, of course. *And make each day important.* Aside from my own personal life, I still believe it's impossible to plan ahead. As the whole world turns today, how can we plan or predict for the future? To bring it back to the first person again (remember, you asked for it!) two of my closest friends made a bet. They believe I'll be married or in love within a year! Five years ago I would have said—it's possible! But now—?

Today I'm just staying in bed, as a result of trying to come down College Run to the Round House on Mt. Baldy, yesterday. I am absolutely "No Talent Joe" when it comes to skirting down any kind of a mountain! I also look like a polka-dotted civit cat, my black and blue spots are so numerous. Skiing, *quel sport!* I imagine I'll remain here for about seven weeks, but when I think what I have to face at home, I'd like to hole-in for the winter! You know last time I moved, I was six months "en-ciente." So I didn't have to lift a pinkie! But *this time*—oh, brother!

Lying here thinking, it suddenly occurs to me that I've only seen my new home once. When I sold my house to the Kay Kysers, the stork was hot on their heels. So I had to find another place in a hurry. Actually, I don't remember too well what it *really* looks like! When I called up the Walter Langs and gave them my new address, I wish you could have heard "Fieldsie's" voice. You know how close she was to Carole Lombard. "Why, that's the house Carole lived in with Bill Powell when they were first married," Fieldsie warmly enthused. "That house has seen a great deal of happiness, and I'm so glad you're going to be in it."

Well, it won't be long now! A new home, a new street, new sights, new sounds. Thank heaven there are neighborhood children for Tisha to play with. Oh yes, I must wire right away about the pool and have a fence put around it. Then this summer Tisha can start her swimming lessons. And I must be care-



Debra Paget, 20th Century-Fox discovery, makes good in her own home town. She makes her movie debut in the rôle opposite Victor Mature and Richard Conte in "Martin Rome."

ful and not allow "Sheba" to prowl around outside until she learns where she lives. No more house guests from now on, I guess. This place is so much smaller, I'll be lucky if I can keep from parking the piano in the pantry!

Before my mind gets snowbound, didn't you ask me to "sum up" the future? And don't we all wish it could be that easy! As far as facts and figures are concerned, I'm still under contract to MGM, though I've been working off the lot in two pictures. I loved the chance to dance and sing again in Warner Bros.' "April Showers" and I hope I can do another costume picture. Now if I had a choice (or I can dream, can't I?) this is what I'd really like to do. First, get my house in order. Then go to Europe for six months to see all the famous paintings and places I've read about. I'd like to spend the winter skiing in Switzerland and at St. Anton too.

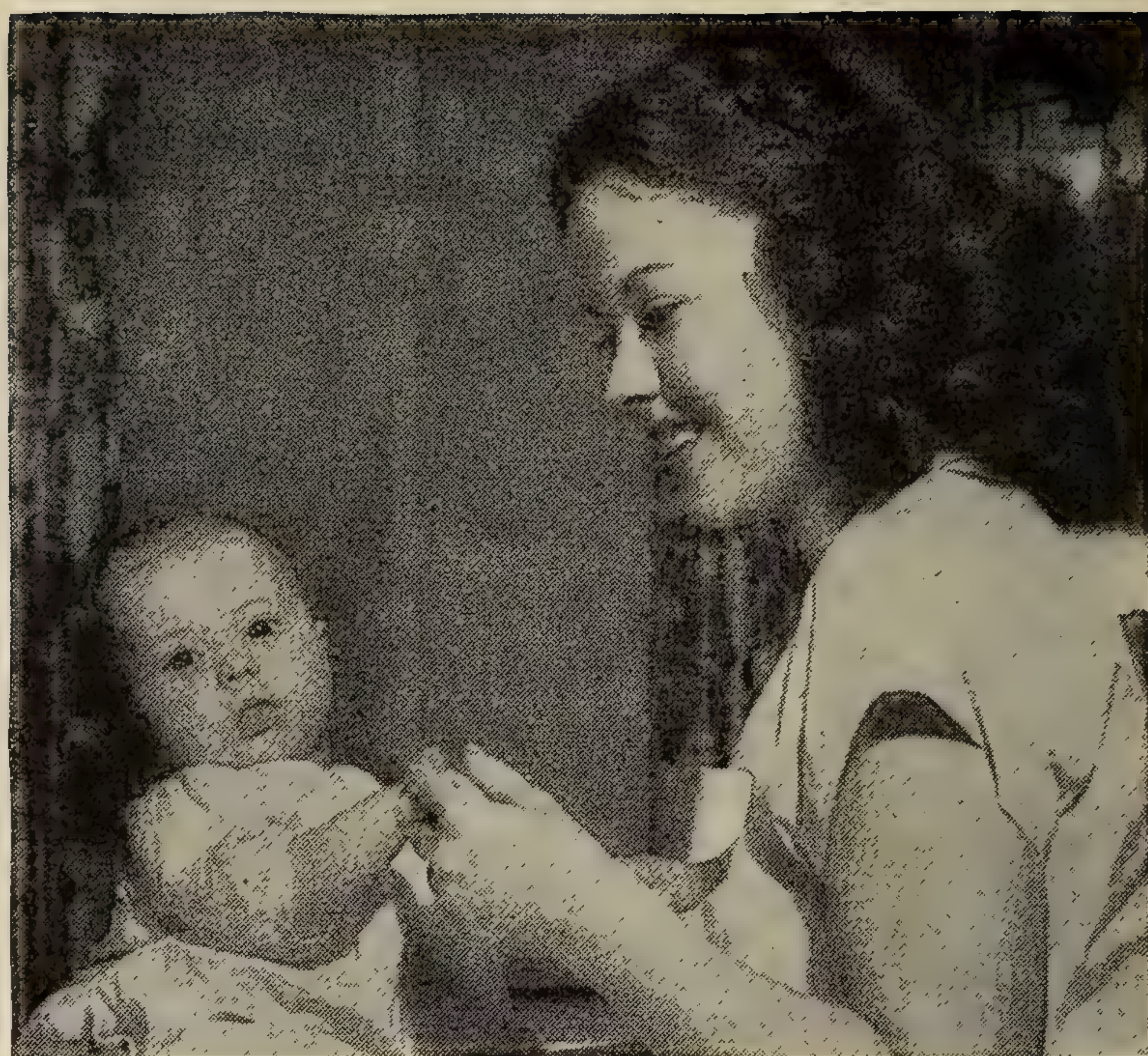
When I return, then I'd really like to dig in and work. So many people miss "Maisie," I'm always getting letters that ask what happened to her. Nothing happened, except good friend that she was she still stood in my way of learning more about my profession. Now if I could make a movie for Alfred Hitchcock, who is one of my very favorite directors, I'd do a dozen "Maisies" and be ever so grateful.

Speaking of pictures, RKO wired to say everyone liked the preview of "Indian Summer." I hope so, because I loved doing that part, even though I don't come in until almost the middle. The important thing is, I felt very close to *Peggy*. Believe it or not, she taught me something too. *Peggy* had been hurt. When she lost her baby, she had to struggle to keep from becoming bitter. As a result, she kept reminding *me* not to become bitter, or disillusioned. This may sound like the "corn" is popping, but I really mean it.

Well, my fiendish friend, your little pen pal is beginning to wilt around the edges. Besides, I'm bored writing about myself, and now I hope those who are kind enough to be interested, won't be bored too! As I'm signing off, the phone rings. It's one of the skiing instructors, who has been very helpful and patient. I've decided to give a little party and thought he might enjoy coming to it.

For your information—he thanked me and turned me down cold! It seems he's already invited to a Glugg (a very potent Norwegian drink) party. It's a date and he wouldn't miss it for all the movie stars in the world! Next time I live, remind me to be a Glugg Girl! In the meantime, love from your little Eskimo Pie,

"Sun Valley Sue"



Shirley's Own Story

Continued from page 25

pitals, on the way back home. Jack, waiting for discharge from the Army, came in from Kearns Field, near Salt Lake, to have dinner with me. He had received a wire from Mr. Selznick offering a "training period" of sixty days, then tests, with a contract to follow if the tests were right. I've never been able to remember what we had for dinner that night in Salt Lake City's fine hotel. The telegram was too exciting. Jack had seen it first naturally. Our reactions were those of a serviceman, waiting to get back to civilian life, and his wife—both eager about what the man would be doing.

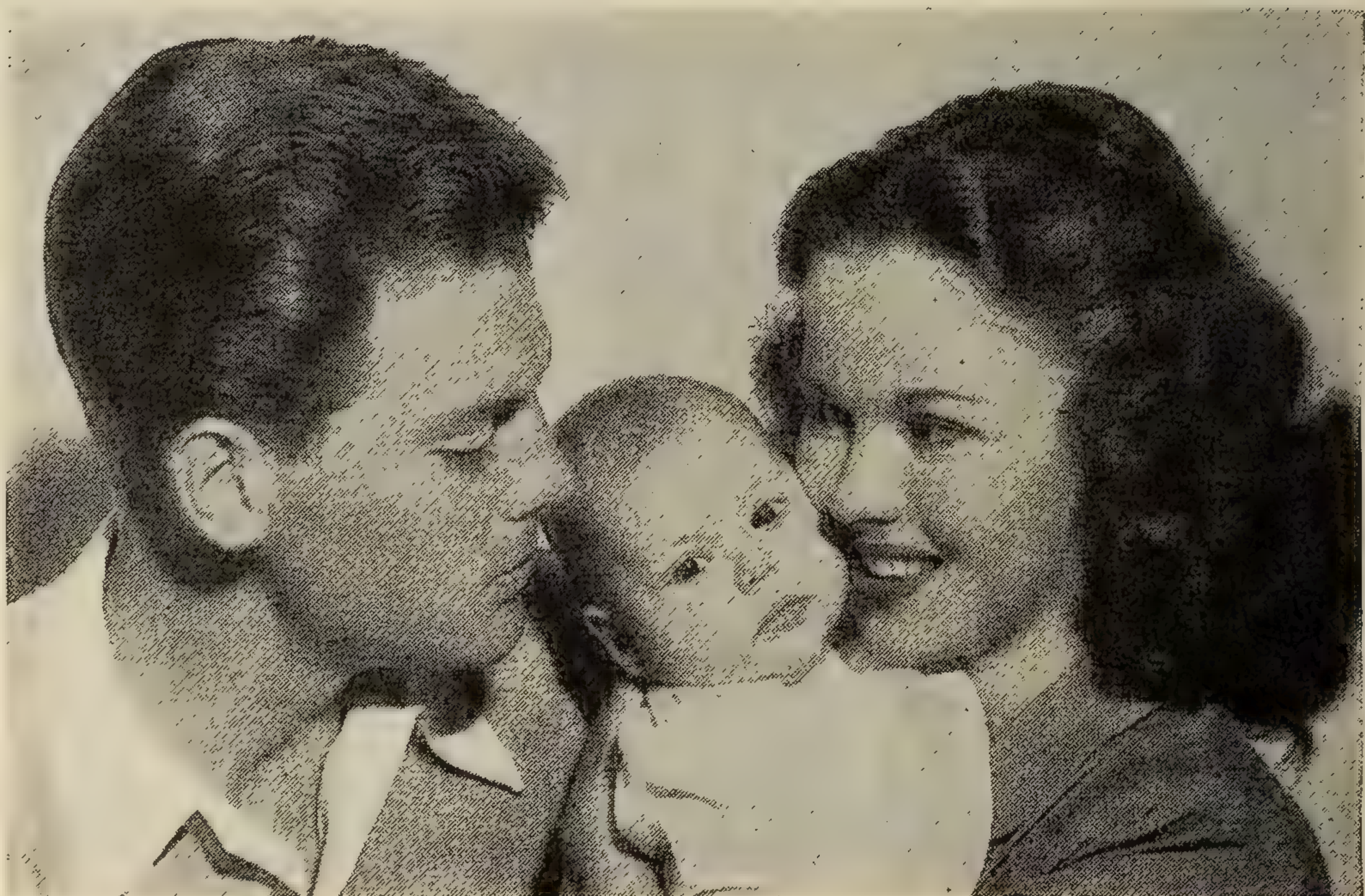
The principal reason Jack and I had grown to love each other, and on which we were basing our married life, was the belief we share that *sincerity* is the most important of all traits. "Naturalness" gives much the same meaning—to be yourself.

I was able to say in one sentence what I felt in my heart! "The only thing I really care about is that nothing ever change you from the man I fell in love with and married. I want to keep exactly that person."

Jack was nice enough to smile and give me a husband's proper answer. "Well, Shirl, being on the screen didn't spoil your naturalness." We were honest in showing our pleasure over the telegram. An offer from Mr. Selznick to a newcomer means more than opportunity; it includes fine training and guidance of the young person's work. And I knew from experience Jack's personal reaction in any situation; to decide what is wisest and best.

Much as I appreciated Jack's compliment about my remaining natural, my work with young people in motion pictures had taught several serious things. I do not agree with psychologists that a child must lose spontaneity in screen work. A small child, unless unwisely made otherwise, is less self-conscious than a grown person. When people said nice things to me, as a little girl, I

Linda Susan Agar faces the camera for the first time with her proud and happy parents.



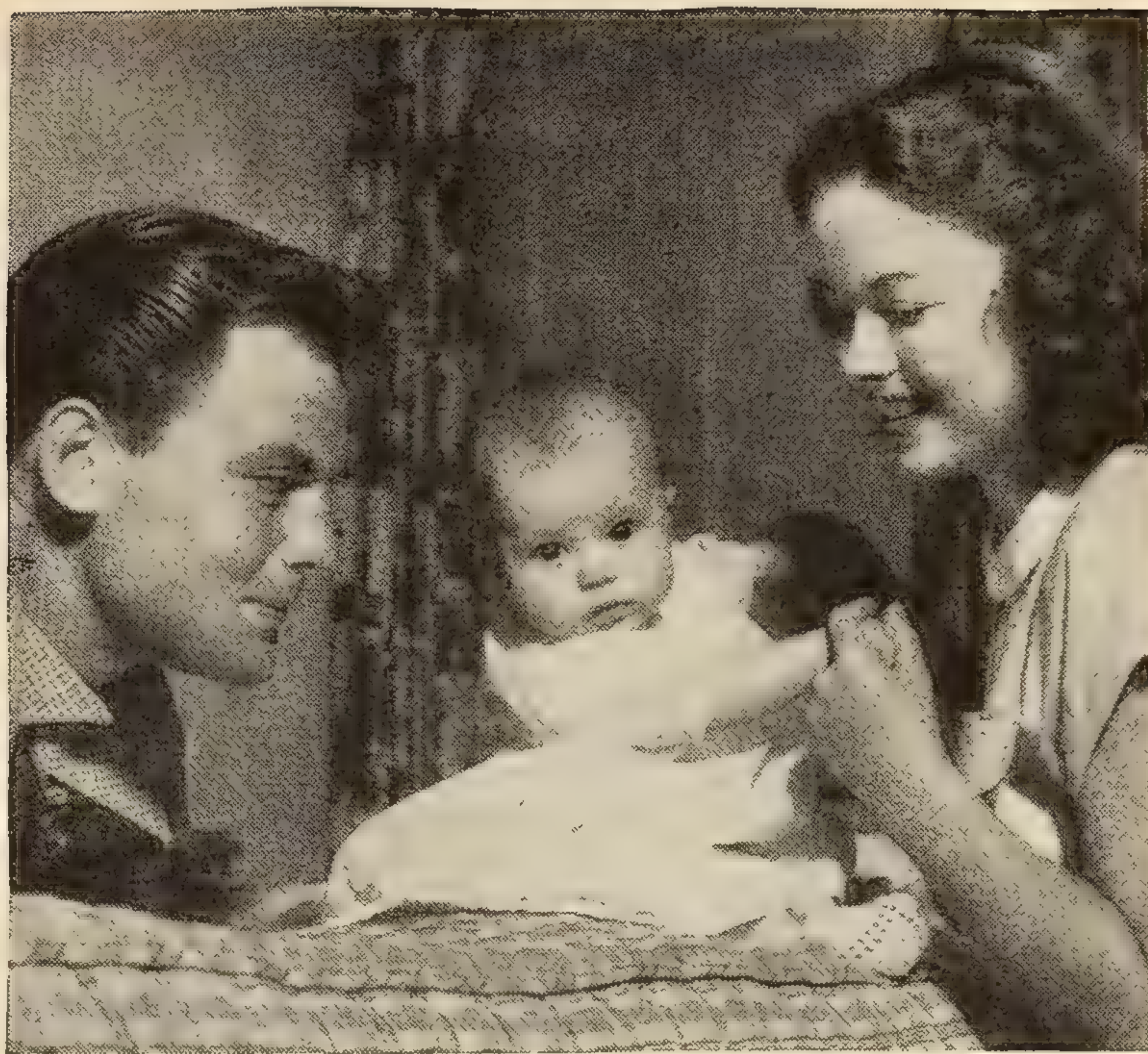
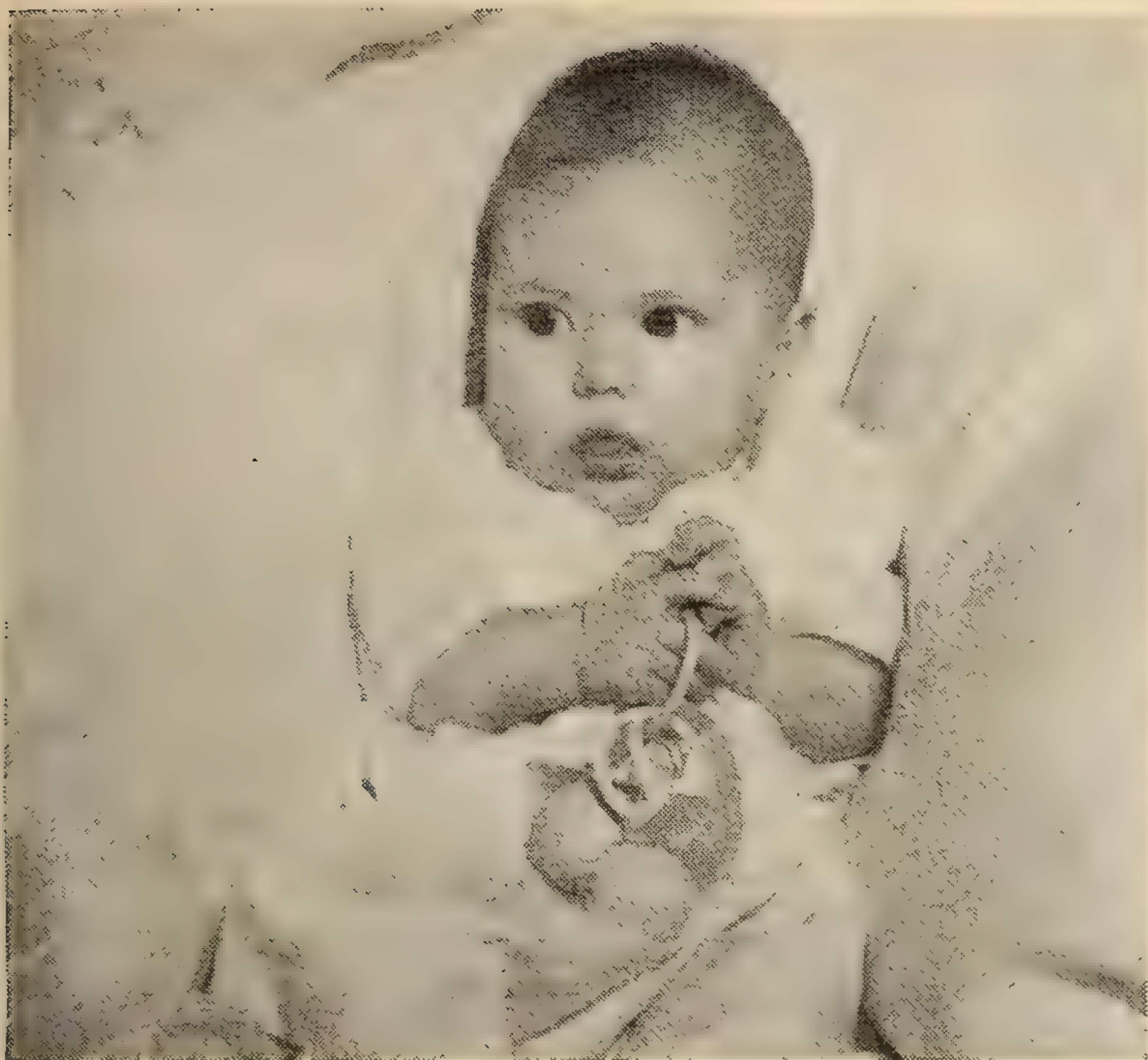
scarcely noticed. If there was another child or something bright or pretty—a dress or hat or shawl—or a pet, especially a dog, in the room, my eyes and thoughts would be drawn to that subject.

It's different with young men and women who start in pictures. Everyone is nice to them, says nice things, and some beginners are affected. Jack made up his mind, that night in Salt Lake, to pay little attention to compliments and to listen only to constructive criticism.

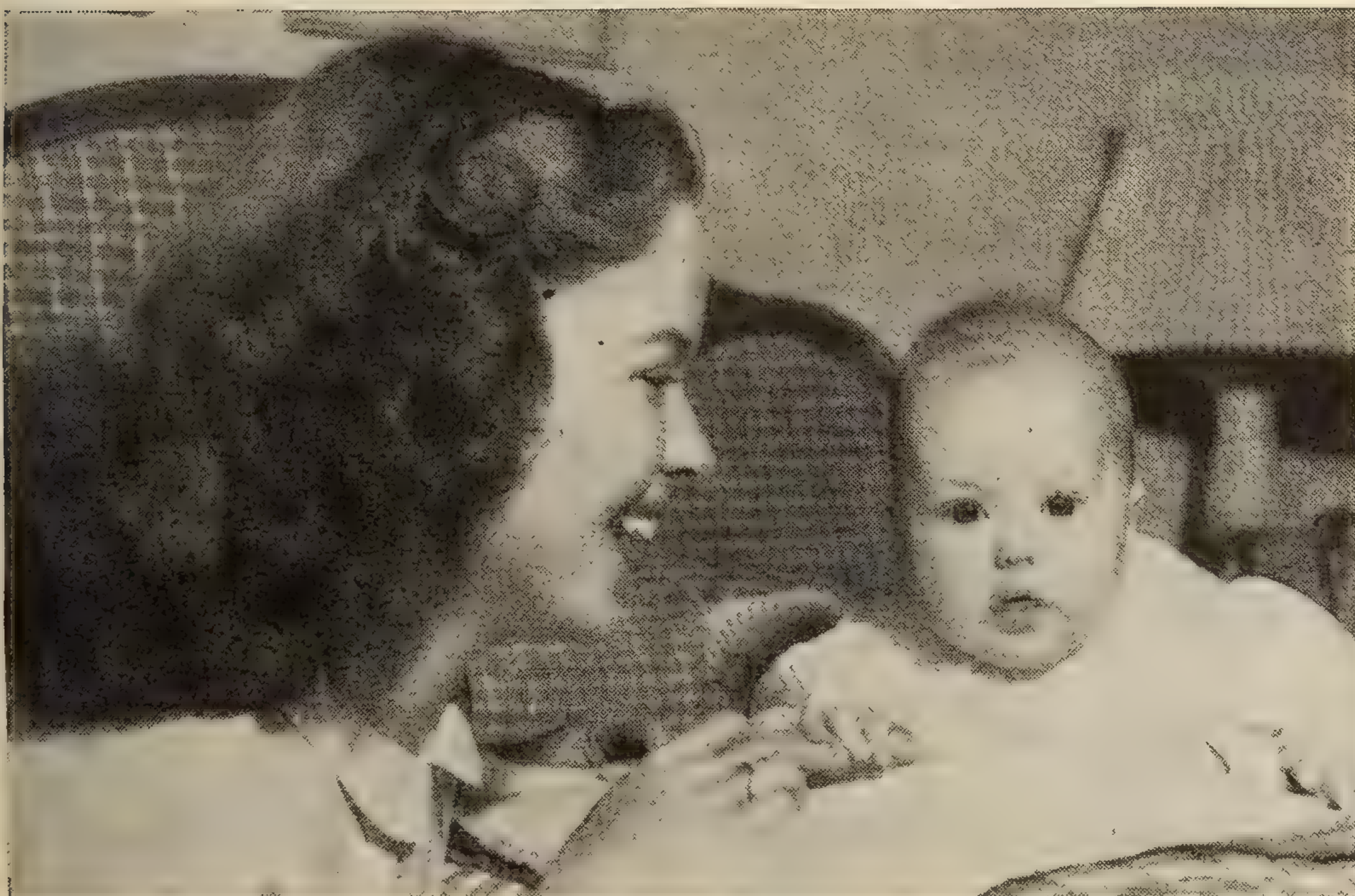
There's another, serious difference between the very young and the "older" young in motion pictures. A child has fun while working and, between pictures, doesn't fret, but returns to other kinds of fun. I remember with pleasure learning to tap dance from magical Bill Robinson and riding my own, favorite pony in a film nobody remembers, "Oh, Susanna!" As soon as shooting ended, I returned to my dolls and pets, and found them even more fun because I'd had the contrast—it was coming home from an adventure.

A young man, and especially a young man whose time in one of the services postponed his getting started in a profession, feels differently. He works very hard, learning to act—and when a picture is shooting, as well as between pictures, he is under strain—his ambition wants a new picture to work in, quickly, so he can advance. Between-picture training, without the feeling of accomplishing something that you get while actually shooting, is very trying to a young man's nerves, and some turn to foolish forms of escape. Jack finds his relaxation "escape" principally in golf. I'm glad he does. I believe a wife whose husband chooses a healthful, wholesome type of play should encourage him in following it. That's doubly true in our profession.

Jack was very fortunate in his first picture, "Fort Apache," to have John Ford for a director. Mr. Ford's great skill and the type of men he has around him—George O'Brien and Ralph J. (Jack) Pennick are examples of friends we made—put further good instruction



How about a contract for Linda, Mr. Selznick? A glamorous starlet if we ever saw one.



to the Selznick training, and, particularly, gave Jack comradeship and inspiration that he appreciated. Few people know better than I how kind Hollywood people are to the young; and men like Henry Willson of the Selznick organization, and those I've mentioned, have gone out of their way to help Jack—whose naturalness, charm and complete sincerity win people. He appreciates it the more because his father—who brought him up among athletic trophies, good manners, books, straight thinking and the fine friendliness a father can have toward his son—died when he was fourteen.

We naturally have hopes, in the way of ideals, for Linda Susan. We want her, of course, to grow up with religious instruction—we both did—and to know the reasons for loving her country and appreciating its way of life. Jack's home life, and mine, lead us to believe that understanding plus explanation with a child is the right way.

We think that punishment (certainly a great deal of it) indicates weakness on

the parent's part. We want our child to do what is right because we have made her *understand* why it is right. That, we believe, rewards the parents' patience. It keeps the home pleasant—important to help produce the characteristics you want a home to build. And other, later influences are not likely to change the standards you teach your child in the absence of fear and the presence of mutual confidence.

I think of the baby in terms of wanting her to get along with people. Friends are life's greatest value. I have a "pet" theory about that. From the time Linda Susan is very small indeed I want her to have always a cat or dog or birds—some pet that will both respond to and need care. The kind that romp are best! You soon learn that pets can be troublesome and annoying, but that they give you back love if you are thoughtful of them—and, in addition, can be very amusing (you learn the same thing, a little later, about older humans of the "problem" type!). Simple things about owning a pet teach a child to be considerate and

kind: learning not to step on a puppy or a kitten, learning to tie up a hurt paw or comb out cockleburs—and not to forget feeding-time. Jack is one of the kindest and most considerate persons I have known, and he cannot remember a day in his life when he was without a dog!

Another "small" thing I want for Linda Susan is one that has helped me greatly to enjoy life. It's part of "naturalness," you can call it moderation, or just not over-doing. A wise doctor, when I first began to go to parties, told me about it. He may have been thinking of health, but he put me on the road to more than that. "Don't go to too many parties," he said. "They won't be fun any more." He told me again when it was dances. "You have lots of wonderful times ahead," he said. "Don't try to have all your good times so early there'll be nothing left." He added, "The saddest people are those who wake up bored."

Jack and I have found it easy to live the moderate way. We stay out of night clubs, for the most part; when we do go out, it's for dancing and we prefer small places—small all except for the dance floor! We prefer to have friends in, or go to friends' homes. Last winter Jack and I learned to play bridge and up until recently played a lot. How much time we'll have now, for awhile, I don't know!

The baby will grow up to home enjoyments. We both like music and we have every type of records. We firmly believe that the secret of living and working in Hollywood is to regard your work as your job—and to live like any other couple.

Jack and I want to thank the thousands of people who wrote wonderful letters about Linda Susan's coming. I can answer one often-repeated question here. "What do you think about Linda Susan going into the movies?" many people have asked. Of course, we *don't* think about it. How can you decide, about a baby—what it may like to do, what it may be fitted for?

Life looks very good without Susan—I call her that, Jack calls her "Susie"—deciding, just now, about work!

Make Your Summer Romance Last!

Continued from page 23

ly are the ones who wind up being the most popular.

"You see, men are so blasted contrary! You can be the most beautiful girl in the world, but a man automatically loses interest if you are easy to get. It has to do with the male ego, I guess. Men actually *like* to work a little to interest a woman. Then, when she finally does go out with him, he feels immensely flattered."

Okay, so that's the key to the right beginning—don't let that predatory look show! Keep to yourself a little at first. Don't rush in and make friends with some boy you may be bored stiff with a week later. It may seem difficult to be "aloof," as Turhan suggests, and not seem snooty. But, as with everything, there's a trick to it.

"Making friends with a strange man is a definite secret which very few women have, and yet it is so simple. It's just that a girl should have the ability to be friendly in a completely impersonal way. The most popular girls are those who can mingle in any class of society, who can talk to a man who is a complete stranger without giving anyone the impression that she is flirting. She is very friendly, very nice. You have a lot of laughs. If something else develops from that—well, wonderful! Her attitude makes a man work harder to know her because there's always that friendly aloofness—until the man succeeds in making her feel less im-

personal. When he does, he feels he's accomplished something. I don't mean that a girl should ever be a snob, but she shouldn't be slapping everyone on the back, either."

This is all fine, Mr. Bey, but supposing a girl is all by herself at a resort—where does she go to be aloof? Where does she go, when she doesn't know a soul, to show that she is "impersonally friendly"?

Where have YOU been, little one? According to Turhan, sports are the answer. Why else do you suppose sports are so popular? By the time you have played a couple of rounds of tennis, plunged into the pool, gone horseback riding, joined the archery parade, skimmed through the water to the raft, played eighteen holes of golf—well, you won't still be alone.

Or, if you're just not the athletic type, Turhan suggests the literary opening. Get yourself a book, stretch out on the sand, and become absorbed as anything in what you're reading. Sooner or later a certain type of male will be intrigued by the fact you are reading a book while everyone else is racing around like mad. He'll stop by and say casually, "Can that be Freud you're reading?" If it is, and he has also read the book, a natural conversation will ensue. The point is that he won't say those innocent words in a sinister tone. He would have offered the same comment to another man. You're

off to a good start—for there's nothing of the wolf technique in discussing books. First thing you know, he'll be suggesting a coke, a walk, dinner—and from then on out, says our smooth Turhan, it's up to you.

Then there's always the technique of *wanting* to play tennis (or go bowling or swimming or diving or golfing) but not being a very good player. As long as you can bat a ball across the net, don't worry. You're probably pretty, says Turhan, and there's nothing a man likes better than to show a pretty girl how to do something. It makes him feel superior. Besides, he's probably no Bobby Riggs or Johnny Weissmuller himself. "A man doesn't go on a vacation to become a tennis champion or a swimming champion," elaborates Turhan. "He's at the resort to relax, too."

But here YOU are, and none of these vacation tricks seem to apply to you. To begin with, you HATE sports. All foot-



The two brightly uniformed gentlemen on the Columbia lot these days are Larry Parks, starring in "The Gallant Blade," and Glenn Ford, in "The Loves of Carmen."



Gene Tierney and "Butch" sit out a scene of "That Wonderful Urge," at 20th Century.

ball captains can just drop dead, as far as you're concerned. You can't swim. Besides, you look like Dracula's sister all wet and dripping. Could be, too, that you're not exactly Eve on the beach. On the other hand, you're not the bookish, intellectual type, either. You didn't come on this vacation to read all day. What then? Well, Mr. Bey?

"When a single man arrives at a resort," says Turhan, "he doesn't try to pick out a girl to date that night. The first thing he does is to attach himself to a married couple, preferably with children. A girl can do the same thing. She can always be unself-consciously friendly with another woman. She can make it immediately clear that she regards the husband as a nice guy, but thoroughly married. Then the wife will start introducing the girl to various friends who drop by. If the couple has a dog, so much the better. The girl can take the dog for a walk, and you'd be surprised how many attractive males will stop to

pet the little fellow. This will never make the girl feel forward. After all, men on vacations are looking for a good excuse to get acquainted, too."

Now, after you have made friends, there may be one who is very, very nice, indeed. How to keep him interested is the same technique you use all year round. It's only making a man feel important and happy. "This is something," says Turhan, "that too few American women know how to do. I was out the other day with a fellow and his girl. She was beautiful, but after about five minutes you forgot this. The boy was attentive, courteous—but the girl hardly noticed it. She was royally entertained—with dinner, the theater, good conversation—but, at the close of the evening, she didn't even thank him. All night long, she kept talking about how many men wanted to marry her, what compliments she had received, and what this fellow or that one had given her. Beauty



Tanis Chandler and Lloyd Bridges enact a sea episode in Monogram's "16 Fathoms Deep."

is a great asset, but it can be killed with four words."

Girls who know how to make a man feel gifted and clever—girls with warmth and interest in their hearts—will never sit by themselves very long on the beach. For, somehow, this graciousness and warmth and sympathy and interest in the other fellow shows. And, in a deadlier fashion, selfishness and self-centeredness shows, too.

"I do not know what women feel they can gain by referring to conquests and men who are crazy about them," says Turhan, "because a woman is always much more interesting if she doesn't say anything at all about her romantic life. A man will always suspect much more allure—visualize many more rivals and hazards and complexities—in a romance than a girl can ever tell him. A man's imagination is always more powerful than a girl's banal recitation of dates."

At last, the two weeks—or two months—draw to a close. Perhaps you've found

the man of your dreams, and you don't want the dream to end. How do you avoid a September song? How can you make a summer romance last through the fall?

This is where you can make really serious mistakes. Because, now, your romance has outgrown the temporary feeling—at least, so you hope. Marriage hasn't been mentioned, but perhaps, if you're clever, it will be.

To begin with, says Turhan, you must remember that *availability* will be a major factor in whether or not you'll see each other in the fall. If he's going back to his office in New York, and you're off to the University of California—chances are that you'll write a few ardent letters for awhile, and then things will taper off. Of course, if you're both madly in love, he can go to China and you to Africa—but you'll find a way to get back together again. We're not talking about the couples who decide where they are going *before* September comes. We're talking about the girl who feels that she has met up with something special, but who has only a summer romance on which to hang her hopes.

If you are both going to be far away from each other, you can write. Many wartime romances reached the marriage stage just through letters. On the other hand, perhaps you *are* both going back to the same locale. On the surface, says

Turhan, this looks like a break. But be careful, little girl, going back to the same locale may be the worst thing that ever happened to you.

For you may have been terrific in a bathing suit—with your hair wet, your skin tanned, and your figure a poet's dream. Perhaps you looked swell on a horse. But it's one thing to be the back-to-nature gal on the beach; quite another to be the same person in a smart New York restaurant. It's one thing to be the horsey type at a dude ranch; quite something else again to be the horsey type when you "meet mother."

Some girls are lucky, Turhan points out. They look wonderful dunked in the brine, and equally fascinating in dinner clothes. They don't have to worry. But, if you are the type who isn't as cosmopolitan—then do something about it before you meet the man of your summer dreams in different surroundings. Be smartly and simply dressed. Keep something of the natural freshness of your appearance, but don't go in for the stringy hair, shiny nose routine. In other words, adapt yourself to your surroundings—and you may seem as equally tantalizing to that special guy as the first time he saw you—carelessly tan in the sky blue water.

And good luck—from Turhan Bey, who's probably talked himself, right here, into having a summer romance, himself!



Dick Powell and Jane Greer set a new high in movie romance in RKO's historical adventure drama, "Station West." It's Dick Powell's first Western since "Brooklyn Cowboy."

Your Guide to Current Films

Continued from page 13

Tap Roots

Universal-International

This film is a pretty good example of what some authorities have been saying lately: the only trouble with motion pictures is in the writing. The idea—which is supposedly based on fact—is good and exciting, and the film starts out that way. But before it's half through, it bogs down from its overload. The story of a southern landowner, his snobbery and possessiveness, has been done before. This version could have been different, but isn't. However, Susan Hayward, as the hot-tempered daughter, and especially Van Heflin, as the more-than-rugged-individualist newspaper publisher who thinks nothing's too good for her, are worth seeing. Some of their love scenes, though obviously highly contrived, are quite exciting.

Green Grass of Wyoming

20th Century-Fox

Another in the series about Thunderhead, the handsome white stallion, unfortunately has little originality, despite its pictorial Technicolor beauty. After the boy (Robert Arthur, who looks like a real find) has freed his old pal (Thunderhead), he finds the rascal has been enticing neighborhood mares into the hills and finally kidnaps his own favorite chestnut. Aided by the girl (sweet little Peggy Cummins) Robert captures and then tames the stallion, and though he loses the county race to the girl's father (Charles Coburn), he gets the girl and his mare has a beautiful colt by Thunderhead, and apparently they all live happily ever after. Burl Ives, as a farm hand, sings a couple of ditties.

Two Guys from Texas

Warner Bros.

Even a couple of original scenes don't make this musical a must. Jack Carson's usual smooth comedy is just too broad, and Dennis Morgan fans won't find his songs good enough. The story, set on a dude ranch, has some amusing kidding of Texas and Texans, and a cute situation—Jack is scared stiff of animals and a horse doctor cures his phobia through psychiatry—but it doesn't hold up. Dorothy Malone and Penny Edwards look pretty in Western duds, but have little to do.

Fighting Father Dunne

RKO

This could have been another "Boys' Town" if sentiment and sentimentality hadn't been layed on so thick. Pat O'Brien plays Father Dunne, a young priest who actually lived in St. Louis some forty years ago, and who single-handedly took its newspaper boys out of the gutter. He started a home for three of his young friends, and ended up—as far as the picture goes—with more than a hundred. The group has its ups and downs, with Father Dunne as its ever-guiding spirit and devoted foster-father.

Raw Deal

Eagle Lion

Here are some of the elements for a good picture—the acting, direction and photography are above average. Unfortunately, the story isn't. And there's just too much shooting, murder and unwarranted brutality. Dennis O'Keefe is an escaped convict for the love of whom two very nice gals—his childhood sweetheart (Claire Trevor) and his lawyer's secretary (Marsha Hunt)—are willing to risk their lives. This premise is a little too far-fetched, and some of the situations don't help it.

Old Los Angeles

Republic

A Western also strives to be a musical, with a Spanish girl (Estelita Rodriguez)

providing the singing and dancing. William "Wild Bill" Elliott is the hero who tries to tame the outlaws in Los Angeles and also avenge his brother's death. He gets mixed up with badmen John Carroll and Joseph Schildkraut and a pretty government investigator (Catherine McLeod), who poses as a nightclub entertainer. Andy Devine, his pal, helps him clear things up. There's nothing novel about this one.

Return of the Bad Men

RKO

Some Westerns have just too much shooting and too much brutality, and this is one of them. Randolph Scott does his best to clean things up as a U. S. Marshal, and the girl he loves (Jacqueline White) is much better than usual, but there's just no use with a story and direction like this. Robert Ryan's talents are wasted on a characterization of an unbelievably villainous villain, and Anne Jeffreys is out of place as a lady gangster who reforms.

Cobina's Gossip of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 49

microphone and announced a special "class" of those married "28 years from today," which again brought the Lightons to the floor. It was with particular pleasure that I witnessed President of RKO Peter and Mrs. Rathvon, who are such wonderful people and such dear friends of mine, proudly get up to dance when George announced a dance for those married from 30-to-40 years. Who says that marriages don't last in filmland!

I only hope that the newlyweds of 1948 follow suit and that I will have a chance, a few years from now, of dancing at their wedding anniversaries—not their re-marriage celebrations!

A week prior to the Lightons' party, the Bob Montgomerys used the same ultra-swank Crystal Room in the Beverly Hills Hotel to celebrate their twentieth anniversary, and a goodly crowd of filmland's famous folk turned out to congratulate them. Bob and Betty danced the first dance together and then went over to where Dick and Jessica Barthelmess were sitting and made them get up for a twirl around the floor, because Dick and Jessie were on the verge of celebrating their twentieth anniversary just four days hence!

When, at parties like these, you see such examples of married couples who have weathered all marital storms successfully over a long period of years: the Bing Crosbys, 18 years; the Ray Millands, 17 years; the Walter Pidgeons, 15 years; the Henry Fondas, 12 years; and the Bob Hopes, 16 years—you wonder why life in Hollywood gets the reputation for being such a "marry-go-round." It's chiefly because so much attention is focussed on the ones, as Walter Pidgeon says, "to whom love is like eating mushrooms. They never know whether it's the real thing until it's too late!"

Also the subject of marriage and divorce in filmland is such a constant

source for conversation and story-telling. For example, Van Johnson, who is very happily married to Evie and has no intention of permitting gossip to report otherwise, told me a cute quip about an actress who picked up the phone in her studio dressing room and told the operator she would like to speak to her husband. "Number, please?" asked the operator. "Oh, I'm sorry," replied the actress, "I mean my fifth one!"

However, the number of happy marriages in Hollywood should prove a wonderful example to youngsters like Marilyn Maxwell and Michael North, Diana Lynn and Bob Neal, who are contemplating the step to the altar. I am sincerely fond of lovely little Diana and I happen to know that Bob is really very much in love with her. Incidentally, Bob, who is one of the most eligible young bachelors in our movie town, is one of the few young men who is conscious of his social obligations. If he attends a party he always graciously thanks his host or hostess and then makes sure that he or she is invited to his next party.

The other afternoon he took over the little private club above Ciro's—the Ciroette—and tossed a delightful affair for about a hundred of his friends. When I asked him what the occasion was, he simply smiled and said, "Nothing in particular, Cobina. I simply wanted to do something for all the people who have entertained me so royally." And actually, most of his guests were those who had invited him to cocktails, dinners, theaters and clubs.

In his "host and hostess" group were Sonja Henie, Zachary Scott, Turhan Bey, Mrs. Jackie Cooper, Cesar Romero, Atwater Kent, Ann Miller and—naturally—Diana Lynn. Everyone had a wonderful time, many of them staying over for dinner and the show with Mitzi Green downstairs. But of most importance was that it was such a nice way for thoughtful Mr. Neal to say, "Thank you."

"River Lady"

Continued from page 36

themselves to death for an ambitious woman."

Frustration swept through her as first he moved away from her, then rose slowly to his feet. And mingling with that sense of helplessness was the fury battering down her better judgment. "Do you want to be a river rat all your life?" she demanded.

"Why not?" One eyebrow lifted quizzically. "You've got something driving you that makes you miserable. Only, don't try to push me, Sequin." His smile came again as he pulled her up beside him. "Look, I'll do all right, but I'll do it my own way. And when I get married I want a wife, not someone who's whipping me to go faster all the time."

She gave him a long look and then her smile came too. "All right, Corrigan," she said, and she forgot everything except his arms holding her and his mouth closing hard over hers.

It was a new trick, this seeming surrender. It taught Sequin something she had never known before about men like Dan. They couldn't be driven; they had to work out their own destinies. But Sequin couldn't hold back the ruthless forces of her ambition any more than the Mississippi could hold back that endless stream of logs rushing along its current. Only instead of trying to convince him she went to Morrison, the lumber operator, driven to the wall by her own syndicate, and offered him the fifty thousand dollars he needed to keep going for a half share in his business and the stipulation that Dan should run it. She played her cards well, Sequin did. So well that even Beauvais did not seem to suspect her part in the plan when Dan boarded the *River Lady* that night and told them about the offer. It was only when Dan said he had refused the opportunity and Sequin couldn't hold back her dismay that Beauvais gave her a sudden, knowing look and left.

But Dan didn't suspect at all. "You're sore because I didn't take that job, aren't you?" he asked. Then as Sequin only shrugged, he pulled her over to him. "You want me to be one thing," he said unhappily. "I want to be something else. How do we get together on it?"

"I know one way." She gave him a long look. "I'll play you one hand of showdown poker. If you lose you take the job, if I lose I'll shut up about it." She waited breathlessly while he deliberated a moment. Then as he nodded in agreement she took a pack of cards and began ruffling them. "Cut," she smiled, pushing them over to him.

His eyes were intent on hers and so he did not see that as she picked them up she placed them in the position they had been before. And even when the hands were dealt and he saw that he had lost he did not suspect her of this new trickery. Instead there was only the bitter knowledge that she had at last maneuvered him into playing the game as she wanted it.

He left without kissing her goodbye as he always had before, even after the

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



WHY DOES HE AVOID HER EMBRACE?

- A.** Because he is no longer happy in their marriage, constantly makes excuses to avoid the romantic intimacy of their honeymoon.
- Q.** What has she done? Is it really all her fault?
- A.** It is not so much what she has done as what she has neglected . . . and that is proper feminine hygiene.
- Q.** Can neglect of proper feminine hygiene really spoil a happy marriage?
- A.** Yes, and the pity of it is, every wife can hold her lovable charm by simply using "Lysol" disinfectant as an effective douche.
- Q.** Can this purpose be accomplished by homemade douching solutions?
- A.** No...salt, soda and similar makeshifts do not have the proved germicidal and antiseptic properties of "Lysol" which not only destroys odor but is effective in the presence of organic matter.
- Q.** Why does this husband not tell his wife why he avoids her?
- A.** Because he feels that a woman should know these important facts . . . and use every means in her power to remain glamorous, dainty and lovely to love. He resents her neglect of such fundamentals as correct feminine hygiene which is achieved so easily by regular douching with "Lysol" brand disinfectant.

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worst of their quarrels. And as the weeks went by he didn't come back to the *River Lady* again; but Sequin, usually so impatient, was playing a waiting game now, going against Beauvais and the syndicate they had built up between them to bring Dan the success she had always wanted for him, the success she was so sure would send him back to her arms.

The first fear came when she heard the rumors that Morrison's daughter Stephanie had fallen in love with him. But that was nothing compared to the panic that seized her as she was walking along the river bank with Beauvais and there, but a few feet away from them, were Dan and the girl he had rescued that day on the deck. Sequin thought she had lost him, and her lips twisted in the bitter knowledge that it was she who had brought them together, who had made it possible for Stephanie to raise her arms in that sudden gesture and cling to him adoringly. Then came a stirring of relief as she saw Dan's eyes, as he gently freed himself from that half-embrace. For no man would look that way at a girl he loved, as if he were sorry for her.

She knew he was coming back to her then. But she hadn't thought it would be so soon. For that very evening, as she was singing her first song, there he was standing in the doorway, and so she knew, even before he whispered the question she had waited for so long, that she had won.

It had come true at last, the dream she had dreamed so long. In her happiness Sequin ordered free drinks for everybody in the place. As she was responding to one of the toasts she saw the girl who had no right to be in a place like this. There was a glazed look in her eyes, but Stephanie managed a quiet smile as she came over to them. "I just wanted to congratulate you on your engagement," she said, and leaning over she took Dan's glass and raised it to her lips. "Here's to the bride," she said steadily. "And to money and the things you can do with it." She looked straight at Dan, and suddenly her frozen smile was gone. "She bought your job for you!" she cried wildly. "Or didn't you know?"

It was useless to protest. Sequin knew that as Dan got slowly to his feet. "Dan," she caught at his arm trying to hold him there beside her, "it was just a business investment. I saw a chance to make some money and..."

"You had to do it your way, didn't you?" His voice was as implacable as his eyes staring at her.

There was that rage she had never been able to combat sweeping through her then as he brushed her hand from his arm and turned away. "If you walk out of that door," she stormed, "I'll run you off the river!"

"Oh, no, you won't!" his short laugh came. "If I can fight the syndicate I can fight you."

"You're a fool, Dan," the words rushed out of her mouth before she had a chance to bite them back. "I'm the syndicate. You don't think you could have made money out of Morrison's mill if I hadn't let you!"

His steely eyes stopped her. "So that's

how it was," he said. "All you had to do was to pull the strings to make me the big man you wanted and let me think I was doing it on my own. All right, I've got some news for you! I'll make money and I'll do it without any help! And if you think you're going to run me out of business you can start any time!"

They were stacked against her now, those cards Sequin had always been able to manipulate so skilfully. But time would change all that for a girl who had learned the trick of dealing herself an ace from the bottom of the pack. He was walking out on her now, but he'd be back again, just give her time!

Only time wasn't working for Sequin any longer. She knew that the next day when the whole town was buzzing with the news that Dan and Stephanie were married.

Sequin was almost ready to admit defeat until Ma Dunnigan spread the story of how Dan had taken Stephanie to her saloon and that he was so drunk when he married her, he didn't even remember it when he woke up the next morning. It was pity that was making him stick to his bargain now, but pity couldn't hold him forever to a woman he didn't love.

But that hope wasn't enough to hold back Sequin's fury when Dan began his fight on the syndicate by organizing all the independent lumber operators into a combine even more powerful than the one she and Beauvais had built.

"Well," Beauvais sneered that day they learned Dan had taken their biggest market away from them, "it looks like you've finally done what you set out to do. You wanted Corrigan to be a big man and he is, so big that he'll probably put you out of business when those logs of his start rolling in a few days. Unless," he looked at her shrewdly, "we decide to stop him." And then at her questioning look: "Did you ever hear of a log jam?"

"Did you ever hear of dynamite?" she countered scornfully. "He'll blow a jam from here to Texas."

"He might try it," Beauvais grinned. "But if he does he's going to run into more trouble than he ever knew existed."

Sequin's lips tightened. "Go ahead," she said. "I said I'd break him, and I will."

It wasn't until the day the river barricade had been completed and Dan's logs were already beginning to pile up against it that Ma Dunnigan told her Stephanie had come home alone from the Morrison camp in the timber country, her marriage broken. And it was because Dan couldn't forget her, Sequin, that Stephanie had realized the hopelessness of her love.

First, there was only a feeling of exultation. Then suddenly there was the fear stabbing through as the unmistakable sound of a pistol shot rang out from the direction of the river. As the two women stared at each other, the other sound came, the longer, reverberating thunder of exploding dynamite.

There were minutes stretching into eternity before they saw the men coming slowly from the river, and the two stretchers they were carrying. But before they reached the dock one of the loggers had run on ahead of the others

telling them what had happened. Dan had run the logs to dynamite the jam just as Sequin had expected he would, and Beauvais had followed him. There had been a fight and Beauvais, getting the worst of it, had shot him only to be killed himself when the dynamite exploded.

Dan was alive! Sequin's first impulse was to run over to Ma Dunnigan's where they were taking him. Then came the quieter, more cautious instinct learned in the long months when she had almost lost him. There was still his pride to be considered. It wouldn't be easy to win over that, even now. So instead she forced herself to wait until she had dressed in the softest, most feminine outfit she owned. She took a long time making up her eyes, her lips, and when she had finished she looked at herself in the mirror and knew that she had never looked lovelier than she did now, going to Dan.

Stephanie was there in the bar at Ma Dunnigan's and Sequin couldn't resist a triumphant glance as she swept by her. Then she was upstairs, she was knocking at the door of his room, she was going in to him. And then there was nothing, nothing at all, for his eyes were like those of a stranger's looking at her. "The next time you send somebody out to get me," he said coldly, "pick one who's a better shot."

"It wasn't like that, Dan," she said, and her legs were trembling so she had to sit down in the chair beside his bed. "I didn't know Beauvais had a gun. You've got to believe me, Dan."

"Okay," Dan said, "I'll believe you."

She tried to think it was his pride that made him so cold. Only it wasn't pride. He didn't need pride now that he had stopped loving her. And he had stopped caring, for when she leaned over and kissed him, she saw the sudden pity in his eyes, and hadn't she always known a man couldn't look like that at a woman he loved?

She went slowly downstairs, and at first her eyes hardened as she saw Stephanie. Then something stronger than her hurt, something she never knew she had before, made her answer the question in the girl's eyes.

"You little fool," she said brusquely, "aren't you going up to him? He wants you, he didn't want me." As the girl still hesitated she laughed disdainfully. "Do I have to write it out for you? Go on up!"

She stood a moment on the stairs after the girl had hurried past her. Then she saw one of the loggers staring at her, a new one, one that she had never seen before. He was young, and there was something about his eyes that made her think of Dan when he had first come there to the north country.

He smiled and she went over to him. "I'd like to ask you a question," she said. "Would you have any objection to having a woman running your life?"

He gave her a curious look and then he grinned. "That depends on the woman," he said, and suddenly some of that strange, lost feeling left her and she found she could laugh again.

"Let's sit down over there," she said. "I like your attitude."

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GUIDE TO GLAMOR



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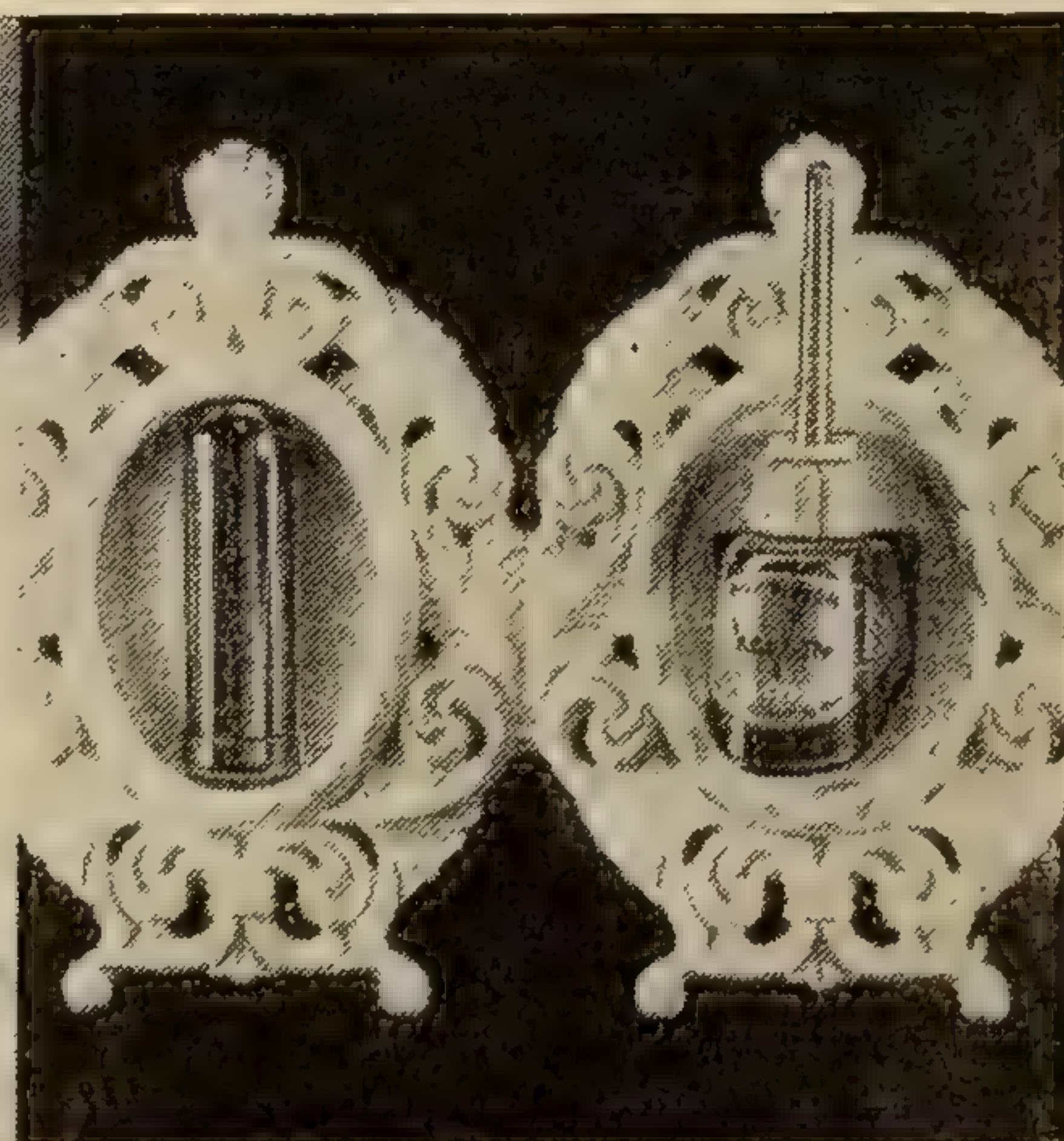
and chain stores, twenty-five cents* for six treatments.

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Crisp, Cool, Colorful!

Continued from page 16

however, is due to bob pins and a little rolling up before bedtime. "When warm weather comes," continued Gerry, "I keep my hair back well off my face with a ribbon or a barette. I use very little makeup in warm weather, mostly lipstick. I love perfumes, all the exciting, exotic French scents, but I substitute eau de Cologne in summer. I like blue and it's a wonderful summer color. Bright colors, regardless of whether they're cool or warm in tone, suggest crispness, that clean, clean look. Wear these in summer and leave the smoldering tones for cooler days. A girl can have so much fun with her play clothes these days. And she can have fun in them, too."

Gerry likes square dancing, but thinks it is important to dress properly for the energetic business of a swing-your-partner and a do-si-do. An off-shoulder blouse, for instance. It's already down and won't slip more. A full skirt, not too long and whatever type of shoe is most comfortable. She wears her hair back where it can swing in pretty abandon yet be out of her and her partner's way. She wears no jewelry for this energetic dance—well, maybe tiny earrings or a beauty spot on cheek, chin, or low on her neck. A new-old fad, this, and a fascinating one revived today.

Swimming, badminton, tennis and ping-pong are on her sports list. And now, horses. She had to learn to ride for her part in "Cry Wolf."

We might all take a few lessons from Gerry in summer grooming. We might think first of our hair. If you haven't yet tried a home permanent, then I feel I can really promise you a happy adventure. Practically all the pretty young heads I see these days are the result of self-administered permanents. The girls are really getting experienced now, and what this means to the budget!

If your hair is on the dull side, if it is unbecomingly streaked by the sun, or if premature gray disturbs you, then you might well consider the modern hair makeup rinses. As easy to use as any final water rinse, they step up your basic color just enough to lend definite character to hair, to add a lilt and loveliness in highlights and lustre, or to blend in ever so subtly the sunburned streaks or the first peeps of gray. I mention the gray particularly because it is very common to see these "silver threads among the gold" in such young hair, and it seems to worry the girls. The hair makeup rinse, to my mind, is coming into the class of lipstick, so far as normal everyday beauty is concerned. It is something to try. One particularly progressive com-



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pany has worked out an ingenious chart whereby your salesgirl can tell you exactly what to use for more color, more sparkle, to lighten one tiny bit, to subdue—something for the girls who really bleach—or to tone down offending streaks. These rinses shampoo away, and the trick is to follow a fresh shampoo with one of them.

In spite of the hue and cry for short hair, not everybody is going in this direction. I do suggest, however, a cool-looking arrangement for now—something that reveals the front hairline. If you're



Johnny Weissmuller and his bride of four months return to Hollywood from London to make two films for Columbia pictures.

due for a thinning, you might ask if your shop features the new "U" hair-cut, a method devised by Mr. Leon of the American Hair Design Institute, which removes bulk without ragged or blunt ends popping up.

Shampoo more than ever these days. Spanking clean, silky hair both looks and feels cool. When you use the mild, modern shampoos, in any form you choose, you need not fear dryness from them if you will rinse thoroughly.

Deodorants should have top priority in daily grooming. A little more care now, please, if you'd keep fresh as a daisy. Use eau de Cologne lavishly. It's budget-priced. There are fragrances to suit every taste, and it actually refreshes the skin as much as it does the senses. A dusting powder or a talcum is a summer "must."

Spend a little more time in tub, shower or basin. Lukewarm water will cool and refresh much more than hot or cold.

Pinky makeup for face, lips and fingers comes in a wide range of color, from warm coral to pure and bluish pinks. Choose with your suntinted skin in mind as the background.

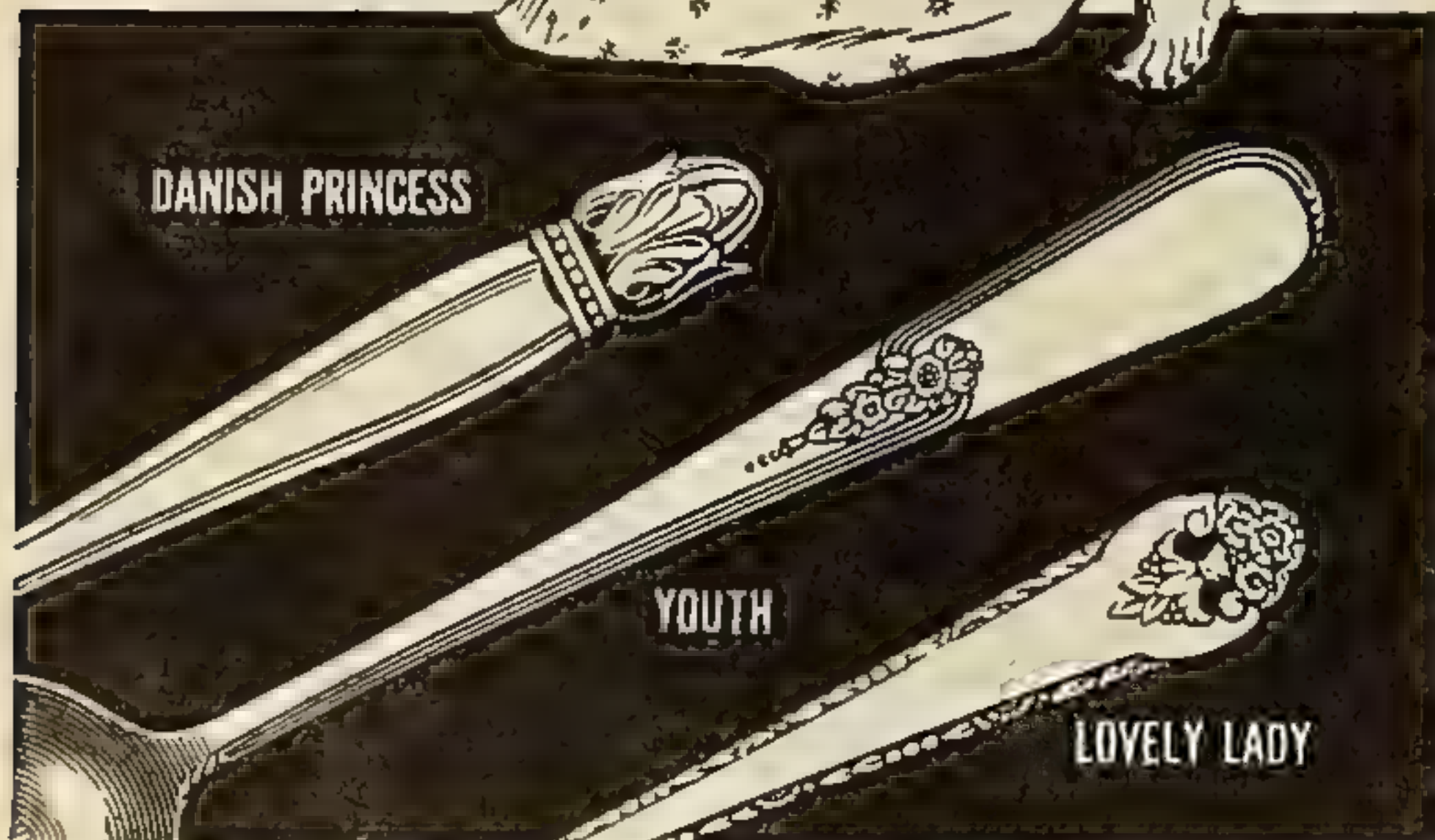
Remember Gerry's suggestion for clear, crisp colors in your clothes. And try some form of special activity in them. Wonderful for your figure and spirits. Wonderful, too, when the cool days ahead close in on us. You'll have some new conversation pieces to add to your repertoire, something special to talk about with the boys. That's one way popularity grows.

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Does It Pay a Girl to Be Honest with Men?

Continued from page 21

I was born until I got my first job, I wore hand-me-downs—the coats, dresses, sweaters, shoes, underthings inherited, as I grew into them, from my sisters Maureen and June; and loved having them, happily unaware that hand-me-downs were not the common lot of all growing girls. When I was eight, I earned my swimming time in a neighborhood pool by counting towels—one hour's free swim for every hundred towels. I bet I got more out of an hour than other kids out of an unearned whole day in the water I love more than any other part of the earth. Until I was married, I lived in the house in which I was born—born, moreover, in the living-room of the house since, with four other children ahead of me, the bedrooms were all full! But I'd never given a thought to the house unless it was, loving it as I did, and do, (Mommie and Daddy still live there) a loving thought.

I remember the very day when, coming home from school, I suddenly saw the house as I had never seen it before; thought, Why, it's quite a small house! Why, we must be, migosh, I guess we are, sort of poor! It occurred to me then because in college people were sorry for me. I could tell, working my way through as I was, short of money, unable to join in the constant talk of how much money their parents had, where to go for week-ends, so-and-so's new car, new fur coat, etc.—talk that made me so mad I quit college. I'd get a job, I decided, where other people have to work, too, and are not ashamed of it.

I did, too. I got a job modeling and selling at Magnin's, in Los Angeles. I was an awfully good salesgirl, what's more, honestly I was! And a pretty good

merchandiser. I liked merchandising. I was planning to be a buyer.

The same sense of values, the very same, is still with us. One night not long ago the family came to dinner, which I, like usual—I do all my own cooking—had prepared. Sitting around the table, stuffing our faces, my family, who are my severest critics, fell to discussing my acting ability, if any. Suddenly my Dad looked up and said, "If she can cook like this, I don't give a damn whether she can act or not!"

A day or two after we finished "On An Island With You," my mother was having lunch with me at the studio when Mr. Pasternak, who produced the picture, and Mr. Richard Thorpe, who directed it, stopped by our table and said some nice things about the picture and about me. Mr. Pasternak added, "Aren't you very proud of Esther, Mrs. Williams?" "I am proud of all my children," my mother said.

The night "On An Island With You" was previewed in Hollywood was quite glamorous, quite. Floodlights, fanfare, fans, and Ricardo Montalban, Peter Lawford and I signing autographs, taking the bows. As I was leaving the theater with my family, "Never mind, darling," said my sister June, who has two small daughters, "all this nonsense will soon be over and then you can settle down and have children, too!"

No credit to me that I am honest. I was "raised" honest. I was honest when I said I didn't want to be in the movies. The movie offers began when I was starring in Billy Rose's Aquacade at the San Francisco World's Fair, a job I'd accepted because it sounded fun (I'd be swimming!) an adventure, and good money.



Photo by Len Weissman

The Paul Henreids, seldom seen around Hollywood night spots, take daughter to Icecapades.

But I'd been so hurt, living that backstage life, all the pettiness, slipperiness, gossip, that—well, Billy Rose is almost responsible for my not being in pictures, ever.

Even when Jack Cummings, a top agent, approached me about doing water pictures for MGM, I told him, "A theatrical life is not for me, I'm too normal." When Mr. Cummings, not believing me, kept calling, I said, "I am not playing hard to get. I am really sincere about this. I ask you *not* to call me again."

When girls ask me how to go about getting in pictures, I say: "Get discovered—by means of swimming, as I did, or flagpole sitting, or whatever, but get discovered and then be hard to get. Be *honestly* hard to get, you know, not playing it."

The girls at Magnin's got so mad at me when I kept saying "No" to patient Mr. Cummings, who still kept calling, that one day they took the telephone away from me and when Mr. Cummings spoke of "an appointment with Mr. Mayer for 4:30 this afternoon," the girls told him. "She'll be there at 4:30." So I was. By using "brute force," I tell them, the girls got me all done up in clothes raided from stock and I was on my way, soothing myself with the reflection, Well, at least I can tell my grandchildren that I met Louis B. Mayer!

The first thing Mr. Mayer said to me was, "You're awfully tall."

The first thing I said to Mr. Mayer was, "I'm sorry I'm too tall, but it was nice meeting you. Goodbye."

The second thing Mr. Mayer said was, "I think you're going to be all right."

To which I replied with a recital of my one experience in show business, *how* I hated it, *why* I hated it, concluding with the flat statement, "I am a swimmer, not an actress."

When I'd finished, "Why, you little intellectual upstart, you!" laughed Mr. Mayer.

I laughed. We laughed together, and—my first picture under my MGM contract was "Bathing Beauty."

To be honest is the only way I know to avoid misunderstanding, not only in the movie business but in marriage. While I was in Florida on location some candidate for the loony-bin started the rumor that Esther Williams and Ben Gage were divorcing. The first thing I did, when the rumor reached me, was try to get Ben, who was in Hollywood, on the phone. The line was busy. The first thing Ben did, when the rumor reached him, was try to get *me* on the phone. The line was busy. Each was calling the other—when we did get through we said, almost simultaneously, "Darling, you aren't upset by this nonsense, are you?" "No, I was just hoping *you* are not." Such nonsense when, no doubt about it, I've got my guy and he's got his girl and *we've stopped looking!*

Recently I signed a seven-year, wonderful new contract with MGM. What makes it more wonderful, is that *they* came to me and asked me to sign it. But ever since I've been in pictures I've done nothing but the frothiest musicals, in which I've played vacuous characters with nothing to say but "Oh, yes"; "Oh, no"; "Oh, really." I don't want to stop



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making musicals. I don't want to stop making swimming pictures. In "Fiesta" there was only one swimming scene and people screamed from here to Gibraltar. To do the story of Annette Kellermann's life is my dream—the story of a great swimmer, but the story of a *life*. So, when I thanked Mr. Nicholas Schenck and Mr. Mayer for my magnificent new contract, I said, "You've all been so good to me, I can't ask for anything more, except—in the next seven years, could I have just *one* sensible line to say?"

Recently I made a personal appearance tour, my first—instead of using ready-made-for-me speeches, I tried it my way: In every theater I played, I stayed on stage after the show and asked for it by asking people to ask me questions which I answered, right off the top of my head. Such as: "What does Sinatra look like?" "A pipe cleaner, with ears." "How about a date, honey?" "Well, look, I'm married to a guy six feet five and a half, weighs 225 pounds, a lot of man—you still interested?" "Do you know Jane Russell?" "Well, I'll tell you, Jane and I don't run around in the same sweaters!" "How about communism out in Hollywood?" "I'd be the last to know. After all, none of my pictures, my gay little musicals, could possibly be subversive, they're too submersive!" (I really gave myself a pat on the back for that one!) When they fractured me by asking personal questions about other stars, I'd say, "I don't consider it any of my business—*do you?*"

Following this tour, I was gratified to

get letters from fans telling me they have a "new respect" for me. To quote from one letter, "We've found out you can talk."

I love the fans, adore them, am flattered by them, but—I'm honest with them, too. At the MGM gates, where the kids stand to watch the stars go in and come out, there are "repeaters," certain youngsters who are there four, five times in a week. One such young faithful told me one day, "I want to be a swimmer just like you." "Then what are you standing here for, waiting to get a stale movie star's autograph," I asked her. "Instead of being in a swimming pool where you belong?"

Even if I were inclined to swap the old, basic home, and homely, values for new, more sequined standards, I wouldn't have a chance—not with *my* husband, I wouldn't! As much a family man as I am a family girl, Ben's great love for his family had a great deal to do with my falling in love with him. I knew he'd be a wonderful husband, and he is. (And he's going to be a wonderful father!) I knew that home would mean, to both of us, the same thing. So it does.

Ben and I have a little house at Pacific Palisades, some miles from Hollywood. Two bedrooms, one bath, kitchen, combination living-room and dining room, a *very* little house, but—a thirty-foot swimming pool! I *am* a fish, you know! Fish, I tell my small nieces and nephew are my "finny relatives." As a child, I did my lessons sitting in the bathtub. I said I could think better in water. So I could. So I can. If I don't get in the

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(Set B.) Men Stars. Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Robert Mitchum, Humphrey Bogart, Rory Calhoun, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Tom Drake, Errol Flynn, Glenn Ford, Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Guy Madison, Larry Parks, Robert Taylor, Cornel Wilde.

(Set C.) Men and Women Stars. Gregory Peck, Shirley Temple, Peter Lawford, Perry Como, Dan Duryea, Alan Ladd, Frank Sinatra, Richard Widmark, June Allyson, Ingrid Bergman, Linda Darnell, Joan Fontaine, Katherine Hepburn, Lana Turner, Esther Williams, and Michael North.

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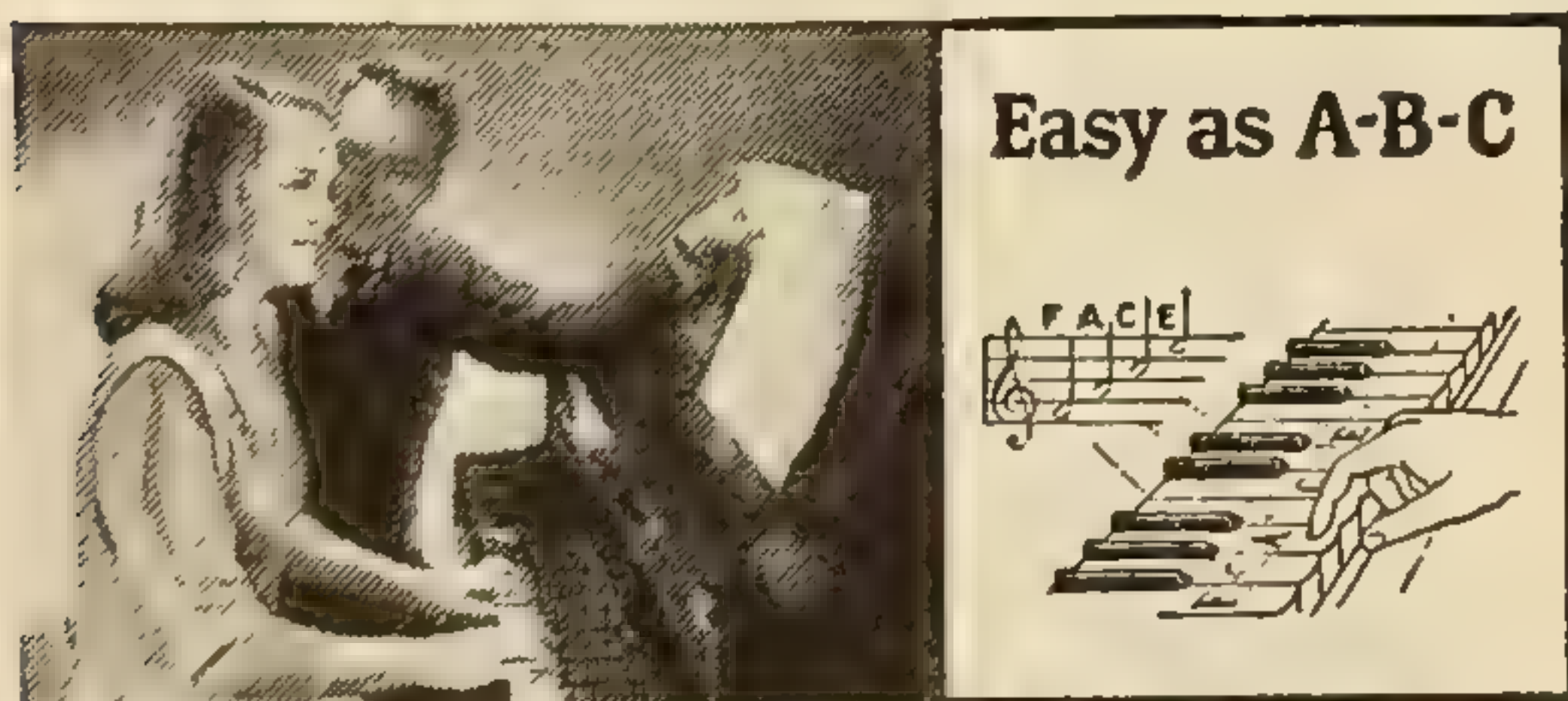
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water at least twice a day, I'm neurotic. It just does happen to be true, honest true, all this schmoo about me being the All-American Girl, wanting to throw open windows, draw deep breaths, fresh air and under water my natural elements.

When I come home from work at night, if I make the slightest reference to the studio, my husband tells me, "Look, honey, you're home—get on the apron, into the kitchen, and make with the dinner!" I do.

In New York, during this recent tour of mine, the phone rings in my hotel suite and it's Ben calling me long distance. "Dear," I wail, "I'm so lonesome, I don't know what to do!" "Come right home, darling," he tells me, "this is terrible!" Two minutes later, there is a ring at the door. It's Ben. He hadn't been calling long distance. He'd called from the lobby, having put a handkerchief over his mouth to make it sound

like long distance. He'd flown 3000 miles between broadcasts (he announces the Joan Davis show on the air, you know) to spend two days with me! Or I'm on stage in a theater, as in New Haven, Connecticut, for instance—and a man is coming up the aisle carrying a bunch of roses so that they cover his face. As this man hands the flowers to me over the footlights the face is uncovered, and—it's Ben!

They tell you that in the picture business you can't be honest if you want to get along. They're wrong. I've been, and am and always will be honest, and I get along just fine.

They tell you you can't be honest in love—it doesn't pay. I am honest in my love for my husband and it pays in the things he does for me, the sweet things, the wonderful surprise things, the *in-love* things.

It pays in happiness, honesty doesn't that "pay" enough?

Franchot's Femmes!

Continued from page 43

I understand Franchot. He is very handsome and because I am going to be an actress I know how destracting it is to be in the library studying and have Pat and Jeff and the dogs and everybody making a noise so I scold them and quite them. That is the littlest I can do for Franchot. After all even though Pat and Jeff call me there sister I am really there aunt and when Pat gets grouchy I make him get over it so Franchot can have some peace and quite.

Franchot is always jentul with all of us. No matter how defintt Jean gets he is jentul and no matter how noizy Pat and Jeff and the dogs get he is quite. No matter how mixed up things get he is jentul. I guess Franchot thinks jentully

I have lived with Jean and Franchot since I was 26 months old and I am glad Jean married such a fine jentulman. I am going to be a smart, intelijent lady. I am going to be very intelijent and not miss school and study hard and raize all my childrun the way Franchot and Jean are raizing Pat and Jeff because Franchot says in order to be a good actress I must be intelijent and edukated.

Sometimes I think Franchot is too nice. He is always pashent. I do not see how he can be so pashent but he says I will find that out when I grow up and am a big star because big stars are very pashent. I do not know about any other stars but Franchot is a big star and very pashent and Abraham Lincoln was very pashent and he had all the soldiers and generals and people making arguments with him. One night I was thinking about how wonderful Franchot is to Jean and all of us and how wonderful Lincoln was and he got shot and it scared me for Franchot. I could not go to sleep and the next morning I was tired and Jean and Franchot were worried about me. And I told them and so Franchot says only presidents get shot no matter how much some people want to shoot actors so I am not going to worry because Franchot is like Lincoln any more. Even

if he has love for everyone not just for himself.

So I love Franchot very much and it was very nice of Jean to marry him so we could all live together and I can be an actress.

* * *

By JEAN WALLACE TONE

After six-and-a-half years of marriage Franchot Tone is the most exciting, handsome, lovable, exasperating, beguiling and challenging man in my world. His poise is a Gibraltar of strength—now that we've each done a little reforming. He's taught me to be more controlled—I've helped him discover the release an occasional outburst can be. He actually allowed himself to be angry when a business associate doublecrossed him recently, and I was mighty proud of him! Never making a fuss, never aggressive about privileges he's earned—that I can cheer him for. But I've been burned to a crisp when he's allowed people to take advantage of his generosity and kindness. And I don't burn silently. Not Mrs. Tone!

His knowledge of subjects as unrelated as the ballet and the pruning of fig trees, acting and a recipe for frijoles, politics and the intricate mechanism of television, blown glass and the history of rare gems, religion and psychiatrics—no longer amazes me. Proving you can get used to anything.

Franchot's rather particularly unpredictable, I'd say. Just when you think he's a MIND he makes some ridiculous off-beam investment—like the winery. We have heaven knows how many cases of wine in storage, all we have to show for quite a tidy investment he made one *smart* day. He won't drink a drop of the stuff. "It cost about a thousand dollars a case," says he. "And no drink is worth it."

His independence is colossal. Even when he has a cold in the head he remains aloof from any evidence of need-

ing help or attention. He can always tie his dress tie expertly without getting the household into an uproar. He never goes barging around blaming elusive dress shirt studs or collar buttons on my carelessness, or the kids' explorations into his dresser drawers. Of course, he doesn't have to plant any blame—he always knows just where they are!

I love his laugh and his smile.

Because I was very young and Franchot's what people call a man of the world, the hazards of our marriage were delightedly estimated by those who fill the lack in their own lives with an acute interest in the lives of others. We've confounded the prophets so far. Sometimes I think we've even confounded ourselves.

There are times when Franchot's every virtue seems a fault. When I wish his independence would crack, when his over-generosity would stop and go into reverse. I don't mind the exciting few times his control has burst wide open and his quiet evaporated in an outraged roar. There are times when I wish his tie would be crooked, his suit wrinkled. And then I think of the way his eyes crinkle at the corners when we're laughing together—or glow when he likes a new gown. I see the charming casualness of his perfect manners, feel the dependability of his tact, diplomacy and forbearance. So what if he does like a symphony better than having a crowd for dinner? Prefers a sneak preview to a première? What if he does prefer going to the races to going dancing? And bets the horses with more enthusiasm than know-how? My thrifty soul capitulates before his guileless smile when he hands me the uncashed tickets, saying merely, "I forgot to tell the horses I was on 'em."

You can't resent a man just because he looks like a "Man of Distinction" at the breakfast table when you've seen him, with infinite patience, console his son when his favorite toy was broken, or discipline his first-born with firmness, when a toss-off would have been easier by far.

As Franchot's wife I've come to respect a lot of things which, when I was a youngster, seemed unimportant. It was inevitable, I suppose, that I first resisted his attraction for me—disliked him, even, because of it. Perhaps in a vague way I realized the enchantment his even-tempered, almost casual way would throw about me. It's no longer enchantment—it's real. I guess through all of this I've been trying to say what is fully said in a simple sentence. Franchot is civilized. That's his burden—and his glory. It's my pride and my cross.

* * *

By HELEN FERGUSON

He has a sense of humor as gay and spritely as a leprechaun's—but that's his secret. On the surface, even he has accepted the Tone legend. Sophisticated, erudite, aloof—all the admirable but chilling synonyms for Tone which have become his tag in Hollywood. But casual? Indifferent, my eye! The man is shy. Honest to goodness shy. Things matter greatly to Franchot but, like the

leprechaun's charming approach to reality, his disguise of such caring is complete.

A master at the art of underplaying—his life is slanted on that side, too. To find out different you chuck your own inhibitions and rush right against the barrier of his reticence. And then there's fun. Like the night of the première at Westwood. Thinking it was a benefit preview, having practically invited myself to dinner at the Tones', my social conscience was slightly eased when I invited them to go to the "preview" with me afterward, and bought tickets. Jean accepted eagerly and Franchot was told. We started off, and wound up in a *première* crowd—lights, shimmering gowns, radio broadcast—the works. Franchot wanted to turn back. Jean and I kept our enthusiasm at a pitch, ignoring Franchot's murmur, "I'll just leave you girls and pick you up later"—and other not so murmured negative sentiments. Next thing, we were in the crowd, eager faces were grinning, calling Franchot's name, applauding as they recognized him. Someone opened the car door, asked him to the mike, ignored his "Oh, you don't want *me*"—light bulbs flashed—Franchot was at the mike, his crooked grin showing, saying gracious, humorous things, with a twinkle in his eyes. As photogs and fans yelled, "Hello, 'Franchot!" he tossed it off. "They're just glad to see *anybody*," he said.

That's the night I got to know the guy. Set my policy. Just surprise him into the spotlight—where folks want him, and which, on him, looks good. Surprise him all you want, but don't take it for granted that you know how to "handle" Tone. He's full of surprises himself. Remember the leprechaun grin—and remember that leprechauns aren't like people, bound by the material importances. Remember they are bound only by their own delightful sense of values, and Franchot is bound by his. Shy, sensitive, considerate, but elusive—and a hunk of granite when "no" is what he really means. You won't go wrong if you listen to the tone of Tone's voice.

* * *

By JANET BLAIR

Yes, when Franchot and I started to work together in "I Love Trouble," it was really meeting up with a Dream Prince. I discovered his brilliant mind, his sharp wit. Here is a great talent and frankly, I'm plain irritated that he doesn't do more with it. After working with him, I'd class him as one of the greatest technicians in our business. He's so greatly gifted it's a shame he has a lazy streak. I'd like to see him pitching on many more productions a year than he does, and brother, how we can use his talent in building up theater here—radio too, and television. But, as I say, the guy's lazy. He says he wants to enjoy life a little.

Working with Franchot is a great challenge. You have to step it up in all departments. Consequently, you do a better job than you think you are capable of doing. An actress learns something from every person she works with in this business, good and bad. Without quali-



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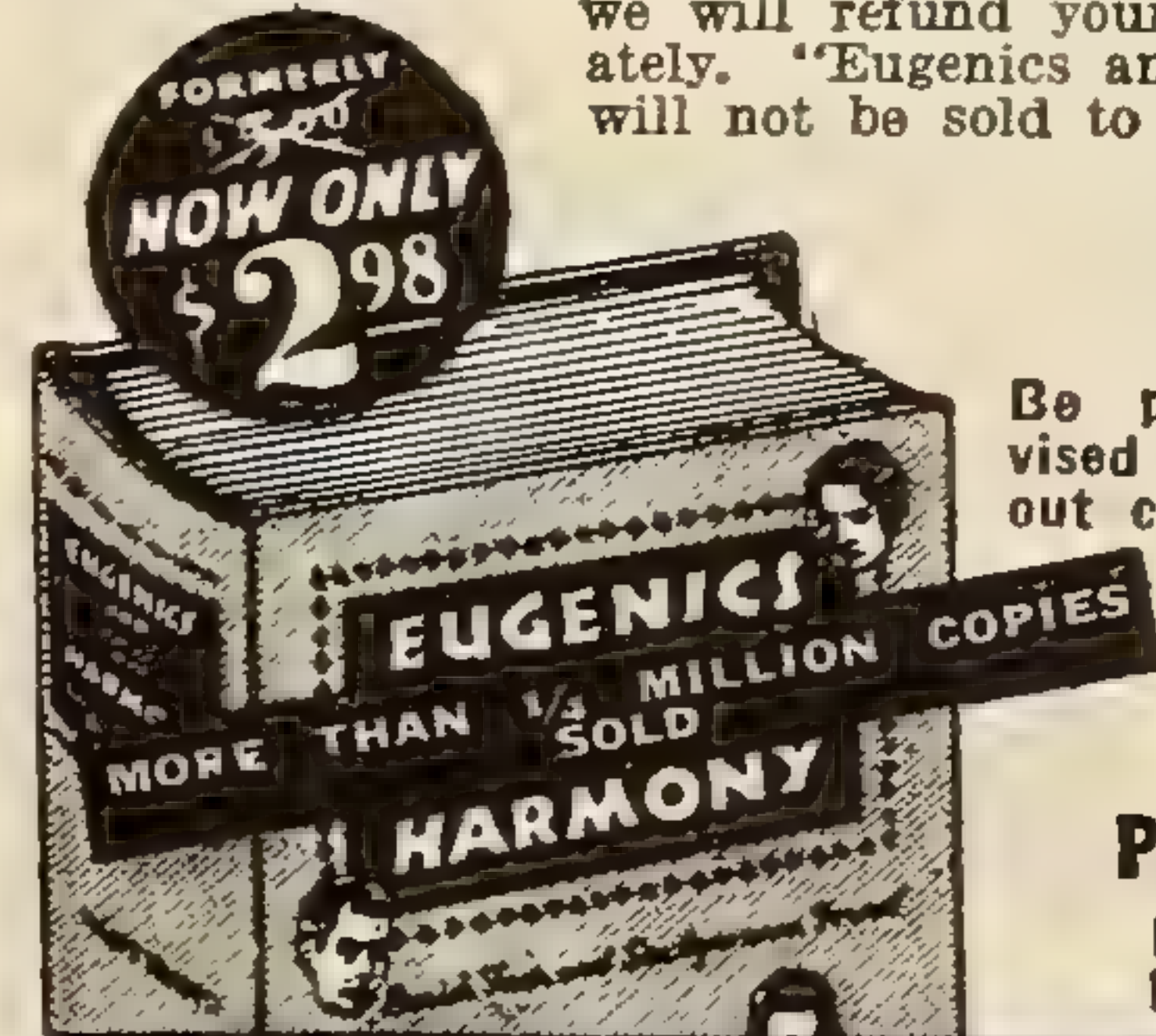
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fication I say I learned the most to the good from Franchot. I had such respect for him, a respect he rates for his great knowledge and for the sure instinct he has for imparting it to associates. It was absolutely impossible to read a line badly in a scene with him.

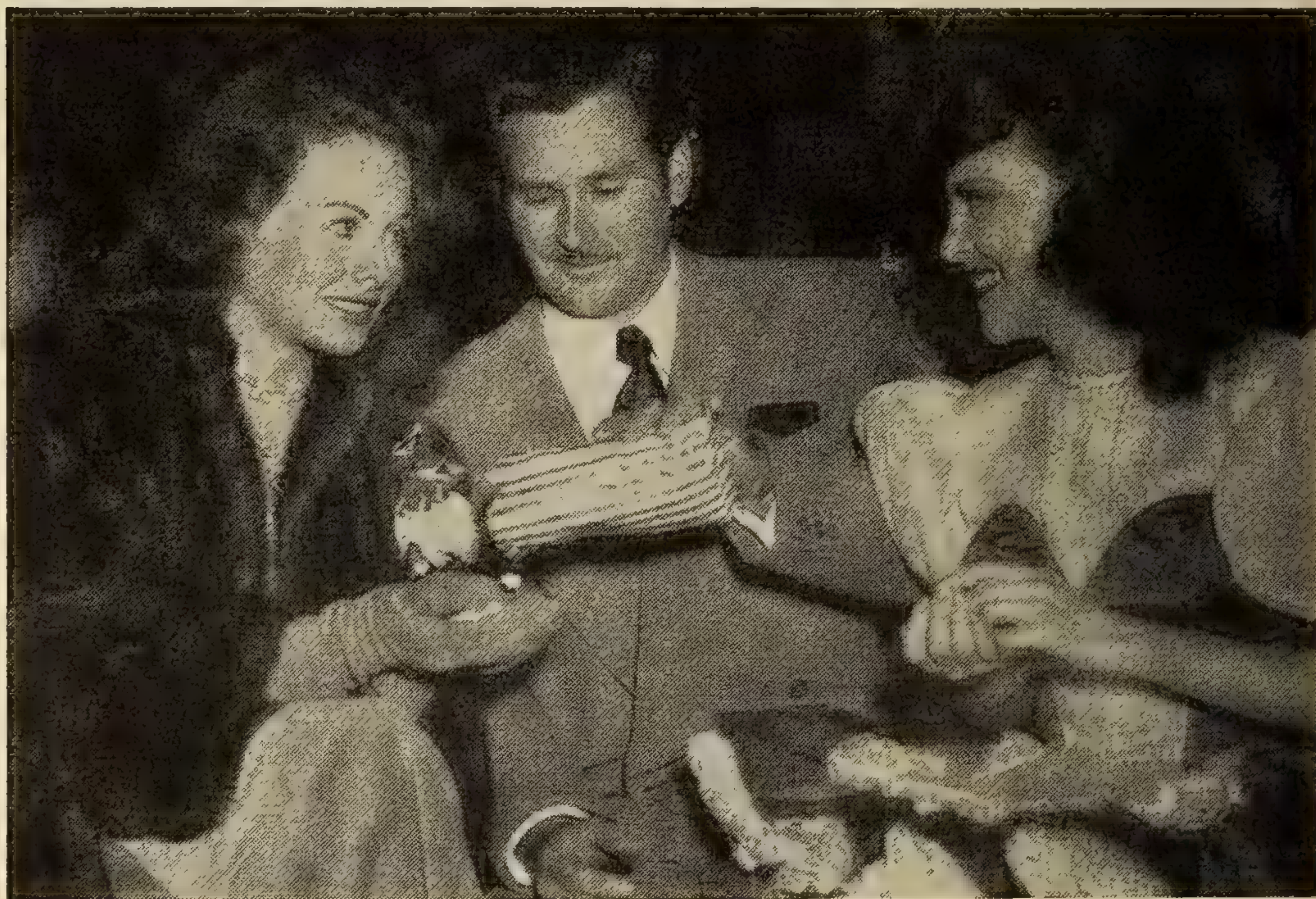
There's a lot of the little boy in him. It's that and his irresistible, crooked grin that captures and holds his feminine fans. So I'm corny? Okay! It's the way I feel—having been a fan, and after being a co-worker.

And there's his sportsmanship. Once, on a difficult scene, I wrestled with my lines until it was embarrassing. Franchot dispelled the tension which he knew my fluffs were making for me. How? By deliberately lousing up his own lines.

Him—when he could have read perfectly with a mouthful of grapenuts!

Once, I was catching it from the director for failing to come through perfectly on a piece of business he especially wanted. Chivalrous Tone stepped in between the fine line of my determination and hysteria and said softly to our director, "Now, you leave her alone, you big bully—she's doing okay." And grinned at both of us.

"I Love Trouble" and I-love-working-with-Tone are synonymous in my mind. It was hard work, and swell fun, and plenty educational. He stacks up 100 percent with me, and if he decides to take over in the directing department I want to be the first in line flagging down a rôle in his picture for Janet Blair.



Jeanne Crain and husband Paul Brinkman chat with one of the skaters at Icecapades.

This Is How I Feel Now!

Continued from page 27

said that the way to avoid criticism is to say nothing, do nothing, be nothing. And since that is a ridiculously high price to pay in order to steer clear of criticism, I'll take my chances. SCREENLAND has asked me to bare my thoughts on such subjects as life, death, religion, immortality and how to prevent a third world war. The questions I have been asked are not superficial, and I'll try to give them the honest answers they deserve.

Life. When I was a little girl, some man once said to me, "The secret of life is moderation. Be contented and happy, but never leap in over your head." I believe he was right. The average person is usually tempted either to go whole hog for the things he likes or not to go for a thing at all. I believe that all of us should be moderate in everything, even in our enthusiasms. Excess of anything, whether it be work, play, food or what have you?—is injurious.

I am pretty much of a fatalist. I think that as human beings we can cope with just so much, and that when things are beyond our strength, God will make the decisions.

Death. I came close to death just once, when I was very ill. Until death is imminent most of us think, "What is the gruesome step like down the lonely last road beyond which no one can hold my hand or comfort me? How will I ever be able to face it?" Faced with death, I found that when you are in pain, it is easier to let go and not try to hold on to life. When you really face death, you are not so terrified. I shall never again be afraid of the thought that I, like everyone else, must die some day.

Religion. I am not a bigot, but like most religious people, I agree with those who say, "Do not ask, believe." We accept many things that we cannot actually prove. Each night when the sun goes down, we believe that it will rise again. Faith has been called "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

I believe that there is a God. Of course, I don't vision Him as an old man with a beard—I don't try to figure out who or what He is. I believe that God is a force for good, that He has pity on humanity, and sees the reason for things

we don't understand. We may sometimes ask, "Why did such a tragic thing have to happen to So-and-so?" Though our minds cannot grasp the reason, I believe to happen to So-and-so?" Though there is a reason for everything that occurs in the universe.

Some people say that religion is only for the weak. If they are right, then I think maybe we are meant to be weak so that we can recognize the strength of God.

Once a girl I knew said to me, "I used to be a Catholic, but I've grown out of it. Now I've developed so far intellectually that I can't be satisfied just to believe without proof." I was sorry for her "Poor girl!" I thought. "She believes she has progressed, but if through the development of her mind, she has lost her sense of spiritual security, then she has lost more than she has gained." I believe that the one-sided development of the mind, accompanied by neglect of all religious thought, can lead to the cracking up of the mind.

Some people complain that religion is too dogmatic. I don't think it is. There is comfort in dogma in which you believe. Any religion which tells you what to believe is better, I think, than too much figuring out of something that cannot be reasoned out intellectually by even the greatest minds of any century.

I believe that everybody should find his own way of understanding and knowing God. If that understanding reaches you through churchgoing, through church sermons, music and the symbols of the church, then I believe you should go. If you feel that the way you understand God best is in meditation or in other ways, that way you will find God. I do not believe that anyone will lose his soul just because he doesn't go to church. I do believe that there is such a thing as immortality. Wouldn't this life, during which we learn so much, be a terrible waste, if there were not? I can't believe we suffer for no reason at all. I believe that there may be a heaven but that there is no hell, except the one people who have done the wrong thing suffer on earth.

Happiness. I believe that peace is happiness. Mental peace, all kinds of peace and freedom from anguish make for happiness.

When people feel dissatisfied, I think it would help if they would sit down and figure out their assets and liabilities against the other fellow's, not in terms of dollars and cents but in terms of enduring values. I think most of us would feel that the balance sheet is to our credit, that our entries on the black side of the ledger far outweigh those on the red side.

Friendship. To make friends, I think you have to be straightforward, unpretentious, and yourself. To keep friends, you have to give as much to friendship as to anything else. You have to work at it just as much as at a business.

If you don't see a certain friend for a long time and don't phone or write her, she can't see inside your brain and know that you are thinking of her. Friendship can't exist in a vacuum. It dies of neglect and lack of nourishment, just as a

plant would die, without water and food. When you're parted from friends, you should write to them whenever possible. How else can they know that you still regard them as friends?

War and Peace. I do not believe that there is a bad baby born in any country. Nobody is born evil—everybody is born good. Some individuals may have a bad heredity, but what is bad in it does not reach evil fruition unless it is provoked by something evil in the environment.

Some people may say that I think too idealistically and am not practical. All right, call it that, but today I think we have to believe in the innate goodness of any man and together figure out a constructive way of solving all our problems.

The creation of the atomic bomb has made the issue of war and peace an individual and civilian responsibility. We must go beyond narrow nationalism. Nobody is more American or loyal than I. But nationalism doesn't count any more in comparison with the necessity of there being one world and one people. Just as one may have family pride and yet discover that there are people who are not related to us whom we can be fond of, so one can have national pride and yet discover that there are nations all over the world that we can love and understand.

Remember what a terrific effort people made when our country was in a tough spot during the war? But most people are not fighting as hard for peace as they did for the war effort. I said to one movie producer, "During the war, one couldn't go to a movie theater without seeing a picture which inspired one to do everything we could to help win the war. But what happens when you go to the movies today? You see your newsreel, your single or double feature. But there is no travelogue, no picture to help you understand what the Chinese, Japanese or Russians think and why they think as they do. So far, there has been nothing educational on the atomic bomb, to show us what will happen if we don't learn to be one world and one people." If we don't, some day there may be no world and no people left to tell the story.

Too many people today are still planting the seeds for World War III. If we don't want more wars, we've got to cease plowing the field for war and sowing the seeds of future hatred and wars.

I believe that to achieve greater understanding, we should all learn one language. People all over the world are not very different from each other. I went to school in Switzerland for two years, and among my schoolmates were all nationalities. When we all spoke French together, we found we were pretty much alike, in every way. I made friends among all these nationalities. And I am as fond of many of them as of many of my American friends.

For the sake of our children and our grandchildren, as well as for our own sakes, we had better work harder for world peace than we ever worked for the war effort. We get in this world what we work for, whether it be peace or war, success, a happy marriage, or friendships we want to keep. And so I believe each of us must work for the things we want and dream of.

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Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 32

stops! 'Cause "Love of My Life," from "The Pirate" with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly, would by any other name sound as sweet as his greatest songs, 'specially when it comes under the dexterous tonsils of the glorious Lena. Oodles of that throbbing sultriness cover you through a pulsating beguine, Jean. And the flip—wow! The one L.H. killed 'em with in her brilliant engagement at N.Y.'s Copa a while back, "Deed I Do." Scrape me off a saucer and call me but-tercup if it doesn't make you flip your toupée! What a bounce, and what interpretation! And that L.H. doesn't stand for Lennie Hayton or Luther Henderson who conduct respectively and so perfectly. What appealing squealing! (MGM)

ANDY RUSSELL: "Long After Tonight," "What Do I Have to Do." Della's boy is sproutin' with some nice spoutin' from "Arch of Triumph" on "Long After Tonight," bulgin' with the flavor of the Champs Elysée, May. Oh, that Bergman! Hubba! Backside has the chief sprout in the Russell ménage trading wordage in a cute hunk of holler from "Are You With It?" and you will wanna be with this slab. (Capitol)

BUDDY CLARK AND PEARL BAILEY: "Inside U.S.A." Smack from the Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz musical which set the apple on its core (knocked Broadway out) comes a sheaf of fine noise. Buddy's thorax is on four cookies and my girl Pearl's on two. The lark named Clark throws his head back for "Rhode Island," "First Prize at the Fair," "My Gal Is Mine Once More" and "Haunted Heart." And Pearl is her usual wonderful, languorous, sly self on "Blue Grass," a clever bit 'bout a chick losin' her man to the ponies down Kentucky way—"there's just no way to compete with poundin' feet"—and "Protect Me" on the other cheek. This album'll be inside many a pad in the U.S.A. *molte allegro*. (Columbia C 162)

DUKE ELLINGTON: "Air Conditioned Jungle," "It's Monday Every Day." E.K.E. ekes out another in that never-ending stream of classics in "Jungle," 'cause the woodwind of Jimmy Hamilton (clarinet) is right in the side pocket, the way he pushes it around. Masterful technique! And that "Jungle" sure is airy, Mary. Underneath sits a fine lot of the epiglottis of Al Hibbler which vibrates so provocatively on "Monday." Make room on that shelf, elf. (Columbia)

DANNY KAYE: Look out, you rascal, 'cause this Kaye kid doesn't tread softly on your ears, but what goes in sure does tingle. Like this newie "Ballin' the Jack," which is actually an old jazz tune Ga. Gibbs fried so joyfully on Majestic. Plenty of the *moisenflay* which is solely Daniel's on this and its mate, gate, "St. Louis Blues"—all adding up to melodious mayhem that you'll wanna put in your vest and let it rest. Fine barbecue! (Decca)

BERYL DAVIS: My giryl Beryl, the Hit Parade maid, blooms forth with a cauldronful of biscuits that flows as gen-

tly as the Afton. There's a single skimmer, "Spring in December," backed by a saucy little opus, "I Wanna," which rocks lightly and politely and Beryl right along with it. Then for the entrée, there's a whole fresh album, "Beryl By Candlelight," which is just as soft and warm by gaslight or incandescent light. 'Tween its covers the English chick caresses "Mad About the Boy," "Alone Together," "Please Be Kind," "All Alone," "Auld Lang Syne," "They Didn't Believe Me," "The Touch of Your Lips," and "Tea For Two." And Beryl for me and you. Oh, such tasty sips from those pretty lips. (Victor album P 201)

DORIS DAY AND BUDDY CLARK: M-m-m, strawberries! Dodo—I mean "Sparkle Plenty," and the "Bari-tone Lark" together for the price of one. They fit like filet of sole and tartar sauce on a brace of clever cuties, "Confess" and "Love Somebody." Buddy's Doris' echo on the first, which is perf for August romancin' and dancin'; the other cheek, tho, is the one that'll be luring all that green stuffin' from your little waistcoat 'cause it's custom-made for the gym, milk bar, apothecary or club cellar, feller. Really loaded for bear and a sure smash. What a team, hey! (Columbia)

NATURE BOY: It always happens when there's a terrific waffle on a song. All the companies rush out with their versions. There's Sarah Vaughn (Musicraft), Nancy's daddy (Columbia), and Skipper's Pop, Dickie Haymes, (Decca). All are cooked *a capella*, with voice backgrounds because of the record ban, but none of 'em touch Nat Cole's haunting slicing embroidered with Frank DeVol's great background. S'gonna be another "Xmas Song," in a class by itself. The more the merrier, tho, if some of that beautiful philosophy gets across.

MARGARET WHITING: Just as welcome in August or any month is Maggie's grooving of "April Showers," which rains so refreshingly on your pink shell-like ear. S'from the pix of the same handle and is mated with some pretty notes from "The Lady From Shanghai," "Please Don't Kiss Me," which is impossible after the way it bubbles from Mrs. Whiting's daughter's throat. So, Maggie, there. (Capitol)

JIMMY DURANTE: Aw, g'wan home, yer mudder's callin'. Probably wants to hear the fresh Durante waffle. "Chidabee-Ch-Ch" and "The Day I Read A Book," which is packed with effervescent humor and mirth right from the upper Durante berth. Wonderful thing about Jimmy, you can enjoy him almost as much when you hear him as when you glim him. Whatta great artist! (MGM)

BUDDY RICH: Of all the new band-leaders, Buddy's the guy who should be most likely to succeed. Has more talent in his finger than most all the guys put together, great drummer, singer and dancer, and even wears a Windsor knot. How much talent can you have! His first *enchilada* for MGM records spots that rhythmic Rich larynx on "A Man

Could Be A Wonderful Thing" and "Tacos, Enchilados and Beans," Mel Torme's and Bob Wells' cute Mexican concoction, which is "the gonest thing around—man, there is nothing like it to be found." Which is just about the description for Buddy himself. Watch this rascal's smoke. He killed 'em at the Paramount in N. Y.'s concrete jungle! (MGM)

ALSO EARWORTHY: Hal McIntyre's "Spring in December," Frankie Lester throatting, and "Bim Bam Boogie," Johnny Turnbull and Betty Norton bim bamming to a Latin boogie beat. (MGM); Tony Pastor's "There's A Man at the Door"—and they're coming thru the windows, too—those creditors, which'll teach you to pay those dues! Flip is "I Wanna Sleep," which might be the answer to those bill collectors but really brings him dreams of his mellow chick. Cunning capers, these, at which Pastor's a master. (Columbia); Noble sound by Ray Noble with Al Hendrickson hanging his nice thorax on you on a deuce of samples from "Are You With It?" "A Little Imagination," and "What Do I Have To Do?" Like those Hendrickson bronchial tubes. (Columbia); Bing Crosby's "Laroo, Laroo" and "Story of Sorrento" and his fresh albums comprising some of the biscuits he's broiled with other rascals. Bing sings with Lionel Hampton on "Sunny Side of the Street," and "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie"; Eddie Heywood's "Who's Sorry Now?" and "I Found a New Baby"; Louis Jordan's "My Baby Said Yes," and "Your Socks Don't Match"; Judy Garland's "Yah-Ta-Ta," and "You've Got Me Where You Want Me"; "Connecticut," "Mine"; "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," and "Lily of Laguna" with Mary Martin; and with Johnny Mercer, "On Behalf of the Visiting Fireman," "Mister Meadowlark," "Small Fry," and "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheen." (Decca A 634 and 631)

HOT!!!

THELONIOUS MONK: Another offering by the High Priest of Be Bop, the guy who inspired so many bop musicians and is finally coming into his own. There's the slow, moody, and hauntingly beautiful "Round About Midnight," with Monk and a rhythm section, and "Well, You Needn't" on the flip, gay and groovey, with Art Blakey on tubs and Gene Ramey on bass. A refreshing pressing! (Blue Note)

ELLA FITZGERALD: Help! Go grab the sequel to "Lady Be Good." We mean "How High the Moon," with Ella sans butter but *avec* plenty of jam—the scatting kind—and it's "gone." How great, Miss Fitz! Back, "You Turned the Tables on Me" is slow and solid, real ear balm. And there's a plush hunk of pop stuff from that great bronchus, too—"My Baby Likes to Be Bop" and "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling." Oh, the juice is on the loose! (Decca)

COUNT BASIE: "Guest in the Nest," "Money Is Honey." Ouch! How thrilled can you be! That wonderful rascal from Red Bank bakes another cookie for F.R., "Guest in the Nest," meaning Friday nights on the 1280 Club when guests fall into Robbins' Nest. It jumps just

like the nest does when all those live corpses pay a visit. A real erupter! There'll be cookies with a lyric, too. Flip is flowing with gushing by Jimmy Rushing on a blues with lotsa meat on its bars—all about that lovely green material. (Victor)

BENNY GOODMAN: Yeah, "Shoeless John Jackson" runs the scale on your spine on a coupla blithe and lithe turns by the sextet. There's "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," which he cut twice before on Commodore and Columbia with Red Norvo, vibes; Mel Powell, piano; Red Callender, bass; and Lee Young, tubs. I know that's five but they still call it a sextet. Side's a technical masterpiece. Starboard cheek's an original by Mel Powell, "Shirley Steps Out," with the same gang, except Artie Shapiro's on bass, Tom Romersa, drums, and Al Hendrickson, guitar. Loaded with all the zest and holler you can stand! (Capitol)

CAB CALLOWAY: Should be listed under Chu Berry, of course, 'cause it's the classic tenor solo of the late, great Chu, which has become a collector's item worth about \$60. Grab it on Columbia for 75c. Oh, happy day! And the thing's as great and moving as when it was first cut about 10 years ago. What a titan of jazz was Chu! (Columbia)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY:

Dear F.R.: I'm one fan that would like to see Roy Rogers make some love scenes with his wife Dale Evans. Now that they are making pictures together again, I think it would be perfect, though so many seem to think it would be wrong. Cowboys are supposed to be human, aren't they? If other married screen teams can make good and win screen fans why can't Dale and Roy?

Sincerely,

Bonnie Dabney, New Castle, Indiana.

And practically the same linen comes from Rachel Amerson in Amarillo, Texas.

Dear Bonnie and Rachel: Gee, I know how you feel—and how hard it is not being able to see Dale and Roy smooch a little bit on the screen, but cowboys are like boy scouts, I guess. They're supposed to get the girl in the end, but no love scenes, even if they're Mr. and Mrs. in real life. Anyhoo, you can always watch Roy neck with Trigger, and he's pretty, too. But that's what happens in movies. Roy couldn't stand being on the same piece of celluloid with Dale and not kissing her, so he did the next best thing—made her his permanent hitching post, see?

As ever, F.R.

To Larry Robb, L.A., Calif.: The cat who plays that mad sax in Cootie Williams, "House of Joy" is known as "The Weasel"—that's all anyone ever calls him. . . . To Jo and Margie and Bunny H. of Tarrytown, N.Y.: Mel Torme is 22, very much unhitched, dates Cathy Downs among oodles of others, was in the Air Corps, sang with the Mel-Tones, his own group, which consisted of Ginny O'Connor, Betty Beveridge, Bernie Parks, Les Baxter and Mel; has a great new cookie, "Gone With the Wind" and "Makin'

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Whoopee," and is doing another pix for MGM, "Words And Music". . . *Ginny Harper, Arlington, W. Va.*: Glad all the D.C. rascals are knocked out by our scribe. Thelonious Monk used to play in Minton's and guys like Dizzy Gillespie and Charley Parker would fall in and dig him. He's the kid who originated bop and was for many years appreciated only by the musicians who picked up his stuff and commercialized on it. Now Monk is catching up. Dig his cookies on "Blue Note." And lots of the things Dizzy recorded were clefted by T.M.—"Round About Midnite," "52nd Street Theme," etc. . . *Ken Peyton, Vancouver, B.C.*: Try latching onto that Russ Columbo album by knocking some linen to Commodore Music Shop, N.Y.C. . . *Harriet Sharp, N.Y.C.*: Glad to mention that you head a fan club for Gordon MacRae, the rich man's Vaughn Monroe, and anyone may join by writing you at 1894 Arthur Ave., N.Y.C. . . *Cathy Browne, Ithaca, N.Y.*: Tony Martin was replaced on the Texaco show by that same Mr. MacRae, who just completed some celluloid for Warners. But you'll be diggin' Tony in "Casbah" and in a fresh Victor album

any day. He'll be back on the ether too, for cert. . . *Glenna Lou Hazleton, Evelyn Wasserman, Angie Dennis, Akron, Ohio*: Sure, Gene Kelly is hitched to a darling gal, Betsy, and have a button of a daughter about 5. Started in films about 8 years ago and is in his early thirties. . . *Margie Fisher, Bombay, India*: Phew! So far away! Andy Russell's freshest is "Blue Shadows on the Trail," "Love of My Life," "Don't Blame Me," and a bulging new album—"Love Notes from Andy Russell." You can cop a pix of Andy by writing to Capitol Records, Hollywood. Scribble to Victor Records, Columbia Records and MGM Records—all in N.Y.C.—for shots of Tex Beneke, Buddy Clark and Art Lund, respectively. . . No more space, Grace, so we gotta cut out hereabout. Lay some linen on me, hey! And watch for those Columbia shorts—"Thrills of Music," and keep the audio cavity open for the "Columbia Record Shop."

Address your letters to Fred Robins, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Sir Laurence and His Lady

Continued from page 28

girl shrank in stature. So instead Vivien stars with Sir Ralph Richardson in "Anna Karenina." "Just forget you ever saw Garbo in it," was Larry's advice to his wife when she started work.

When Vivien wasn't in front of the cameras herself, she was on the "Hamlet" set with Larry. She was the only visitor he permitted to enter that closely sealed and constantly guarded corner of the Denham studio. Given complete carte blanche by the Big Boss, J. Arthur Rank, Larry forbade everybody except the players and technicians actually engaged in the scene. Even the artists waiting to be called were not allowed to go on the set while other scenes were being shot. They sat out in the corridor, as ignorant of what was happening as all the studio staff. Press reporters and photographers never reached the threshold. Once an enterprising cameraman who climbed up to the roof seeking a private peephole found his ladder had been quietly removed and spent several hours aloft in the rain before he was rescued.

Larry was completely adamant that nobody should see sufficient of the film to make any criticisms until "Hamlet" was officially shown on the screen. "I'm trying out something completely different in technique," he explained to his intimate friends. "I haven't even got a complete script. I'm altering and improving and experimenting as I go along. So I absolutely refuse to be distracted in any way whatever. I need every ounce of energy and concentration I possess for the job itself. Making this film is the most exciting and the most difficult thing I've ever attempted." Then he gave his characteristic smile. "They may have nothing to talk about now, but they'll have plenty to say when they see it. Lots of people will quarrel violently with my conception of *Hamlet*, I know."

Certainly the Olivier idea of the tragic Dane departs completely from all the conventional pictures. Larry himself describes it as "imaginative and utterly abstract," not even the actual period of the film being clearly defined but with breathtakingly strange settings and costumes almost surrealistic in design. Unlike the colorful "Henry V," this is a black and white production. "I don't see it as a painting but rather as an old engraving," Larry declares. His accent throughout is on the light and shade of *Hamlet's* character and that of the men and women around him, with much psychological symbolism in the eery photographic effects. Because he visualizes the Dane as a virile Scandinavian type, torn by his conflicting emotions, Larry has altered his personal appearance for the first time in his life. He had his black hair bleached a strange copper-blond which gleams under the lights and enhances the expressions of his dark eyes all the more by contrast.

Every evening during the shooting Larry and Vivien took home some member of the cast to discuss his or her particular part while they ate dinner. Most of the players appeared in "Henry V" too. Tall Felix Aylmer is *Polonius* and Esmond Knight *Bernardo*. Terence Morgan plays *Laertes* while stern Basil Sidney is the *King*. *Ophelia* has become a shadowy figure in the traditional tapestry but *Queen Gertrude* emerges with striking passion in the richly beautiful personality of Eileen Herlie. She is a young London stage star with an unusual vibrant voice, and her only other film appearance, in a tiny rôle in "Hungry Hill," created such a sensation it brought her five offers from Hollywood.

Vivien Leigh's name doesn't appear on the credit lists but it should, for she has discussed all Larry's ideas of *Hamlet*

with him and helped him to rehearse for hours on end, even when they spent two weeks' vacation at their lonely old farmhouse near Oxford before they started work on their respective films. Watching the Oliviers together, it's instantly discernible how necessary they are to each other. Handsome mobile-faced Larry tends to be conservative and cautious, always thorough and careful and sometimes slow, with a fierce streak of obstinacy when it's aroused. Vivien balances him because she is essentially light and quick and incisive. She encourages him out of those moods of introspective depression which sometimes overwhelm him, because he is never satisfied in his constant search for perfection in his work. Then she leans on Larry for support in turn when it is necessary for her to carry out some long-drawn project right through to the end.

Enchanting to look at with her midnight hair and long-lashed green eyes and alabaster-white skin, Vivien Leigh is a highly unusual type of womanhood. She has a "frost and fire" personality, cool, tingling, sparkling, a little aloof, then suddenly warming into flame. She is not at all domestic, though when Larry served in uniform in the Royal Navy during the war, she lived in a little coast cottage and did the household chores herself in order to be there when he could come ashore for a few hours leave. But normally Vivien dislikes cooking and sewing or anything like that, yet wherever she goes, she makes a delightful home. Even in a hotel room, she has the furniture re-arranged in her own way, finds books and magazines and the field-flowers she prefers to cultured blooms, and puts some cushions on the floor because she and Larry always read stretched out like that.

The Oliviers never go to smart clubs and parties and they don't care about any games or sports. Larry can ride and swim and fence expertly but he keeps these attainments for use before the cameras. His own pet accomplishment is known to very few. He sings, in a truly magnificent baritone which has been trained by a famous London tutor of operatic stars. But with characteristic determination, Larry will only sing oratorio. If you call at the Oliviers' Chelsea home on a Sunday morning, you are likely to hear the strains of an aria from "Elijah" or Handel's "Messiah" coming from the garage. Larry is washing down his car to music, taking his only physical exercise.

Tchee, the dainty little cream and brown Siamese cat, is usually running round Larry's legs or sitting in the tiny paved garden where Vivien grows scarlet geraniums and scented wallflowers. Inside the cottage itself there's a mixture of period furniture, mainly walnut pieces, which the Oliviers have picked up all over the world during their professional travels. Vivien's antique china has been collected in half a dozen different countries and Larry bought the two Mexican rugs when he first visited Hollywood in 1933.

The Oliviers always like to attend to their correspondence on Sundays, working through it together. Larry squats at his green portable typewriter, puts on the

heavy spectacles which always make Vivien laugh, and assumes the noisy quick-fire manner of the super-efficient Big Business Man dictating to his dumb secretary. That makes him start to laugh at himself, so the letters don't get answered over-rapidly. It's typical of Larry that he acts as he goes along, even when officially resting at home, and equally typical that he gives a good performance.

For to Laurence Olivier, it is quite literally the breath of life to act. He finds drama in the tiniest facets of the human experience everywhere he goes. Walk along the street with him and his eyes go roaming over everybody who passes, studying them and storing up material in his mind. Absorbing humanity, he likes to eat at little restaurants rather than in big fashionable places. He has a favorite café in Los Angeles where certainly no other movie star ever goes. In New York he knows a special spot for steaks near Herald Square and he's fond of dropping into a drugstore on Lexington Avenue for a cup of coffee in the early evening. In London he usually lunches with a man friend at the Garrick, that old-fashioned pub with an atmosphere all its own. On a bench there, Larry eats fried fish and drinks a pint of beer from a tankard and quietly watches the people sitting around. Working at the studio, he doesn't stop midday to lunch but takes a sandwich out on to the lawn and walks up and down eating it while he mutters over the script he's studying.

It's Vivien who looks after Larry's wardrobe, for he can never be bothered about clothes himself. In New York last year she bought him six new ties. He had worn them for months before it suddenly occurred to him one morning that he hadn't seen them before and asked where they had come from! Neither of the Oliviers care for formal dress very much—though Vivien looks utterly ravishingly glamorous in one of her pale gleaming evening gowns, her black hair piled high and caught under her favorite jewelled Mainbocher cap, her platina fox jacket round her shoulders. Gray is her favorite color. But when she isn't going out in public, then Vivien dons a simple tailored sports frock and a tweed coat. She has a large collection of beautiful printed scarves and uses them, deftly twisted and folded in novel styles, to serve as amusing headwear instead of hats. She is never seen in shorts or slacks because Larry dislikes them. There's a good deal of the true British male conservatism about Britain's leading Shakespearean actor.

That's why he and his wife have so little personal publicity. Charmingly, politely, they simply refuse to co-operate. Asked about their private life, both Larry and Vivien smile vaguely and turn the conversation to other channels. Nothing can make them self-communicative. They have been called aloof and unfriendly and even stand-offish, but that is not really true. They are two people seriously and sincerely dedicated to their work and they honestly feel that is what matters most, the side of them in which the world is interested.

Away from the studio and the theater, the Oliviers make a quiet and completely

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So essentially reserved and modest, the knighthood which King George bestowed upon Larry has not made any vital difference to his life. Naturally he was pleased by this Royal recognition of his work for the British screen and stage, but when he went on to the "Hamlet" set the next morning, he asked to be still addressed as "Mr. Olivier" in the studio. Following her husband's example, Vivien too remains "Miss Leigh" when she is before the cameras and around the lot. It's only their official mail which knows them as Sir Laurence Kerr Olivier and Lady Olivier.

The only day in weeks which the Oliviers took off from filming was when

they attended Buckingham Palace for the investiture, at which Larry knelt on the purple carpet in the Throne-Room before his King and was ceremonially tapped on the shoulder with the ancient sword and bidden to "Rise, Sir Laurence, and pay your homage." Vivien, sitting nearby on a golden chair, was deeply moved on this occasion. Her lovely eyes filled with tears of emotion, though she quickly brushed them aside and gave her radiant smile as she walked out on her husband's arm to face the fans and photographers who had gathered in force at the Palace gates.

By strange coincidence, the same morning that Larry received the official news of his honor, a large parcel with a New York postmark arrived at the studio for him. It contained his Academy Award Oscar, which has since been found a permanent place in the studio restaurant foyer. "It belongs to all the craftsmen and technicians who worked on 'Henry V' just as much as to me," Larry explains.



Barabara Hale, busy working on the RKO lot in "The Boy with Green Hair," and her husband, Bill Williams, in "The Long Denial," have added popcorn to their snack menu.

Photo by Len Weissman

Not Just Another Blonde

Continued from page 46

brought here from Broadway and I did nothing for a while but sit and wait. Then I got a part in 'Blonde Fever.' Everyone kept telling me, 'You were good, Gloria. We have great plans for you.' But no one did anything. It was just as I had thought it would be. I was riding the good old Hollywood merry-go-round. Two years of complete inactivity followed. But the road turned when Jimmy Stewart chose me for 'It's A Wonderful Life'—and then came 'Crossfire.' So maybe it was a good thing I wasn't burning with movie aspirations. I might have become disgusted and left."

As for Gloria's background, there's none of the starving-in-a-garret routine. "It was only natural that I wanted to be an actress," she explained. "Mother was an actress and used to direct plays. But she was rather shocked by my first performance. I'd been cast in a play at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, so I called a friend and told her she must come opening night to see me. Came opening night—and my entrance. I marched on the stage, went down center

and right to the footlights. Putting my hand over my eyes, I peered anxiously into the audience to see if I could locate my friend. My mother almost fainted at this completely unorthodox debut."

Her next notable experience was at Hollywood High School when she appeared in a lead rôle in the senior play—but the ending was different. The night of the show a producer of a stage play, "Good Night, Ladies," was in the audience. He took one look at the clever little blonde girl, who was all of fifteen at the time, and went back to see her. "I'd like you to come to San Francisco at once and understudy a part in my show," he said to her. He wasn't the first person who had approached Gloria that night. A scout from Selznick's had talked to her, and several big agencies had expressed interest. But Gloria preferred to take the understudy job—the first example of her indifference to Hollywood. "I figured that the most I could get from any of the studios was a stock contract at \$50 a week," she said, "and I knew I'd get lost in the shuffle. So I decided



Photo by Len Weissman
William Lundigan and his wife spur their favorite nine to victory at Hollywood Ball Park.

to do the play. Of course, there was the question of finishing my term at school and of graduation."

So Gloria went home to tell her mother the news. Running into the house, she exclaimed, "Mother, we're leaving for San Francisco tonight! Here are the train tickets!" Her mother listened to Gloria's story and simply said, "Ridiculous!" But Gloria went right on talking.

"In San Francisco, I understudied and learned not one part but twelve," Gloria went on, talking at lightning-like speed. "Yet I wanted to play only one part—the ingénue lead. The girl who was playing it was in love with the stage manager and missed cues since her mind wasn't on her art. I finally asked the producer to give me a chance to play it. He refused point blank, telling me he had no one else who could step into any one of twelve parts. Finally I asked the director if he'd rehearse me in the part. He agreed, and I stayed up until five in the morning studying. After I had rehearsed the next afternoon, the director said, 'You're just the girl for this rôle!' But the producer—again—played the Rock of Gibraltar."

"When we got to Chicago, the girl was still making the same mistakes. And a few more. So I was finally called in one morning and asked to play the part that matinée. I did it—and got a run of the show contract as a result."

From that play, Gloria went in as Miriam Hopkins' understudy in "Skin of Our Teeth" and then into the lead in "Stardust" and "The Highland Fling." Gloria had banked a lot on the latter show, so she was pretty discouraged when it flopped opening night. But a girl friend of hers was completely elated. "Guess who's interested in you?" she asked Gloria.

Flatly: "Who?"

"Louis B. Mayer. He saw the show and liked you."

Then Vic Orsatti, the agent, came to Gloria. Acting for Mayer, he asked her to make a test. But Gloria didn't jump through any hoop. Her old indifference asserted itself. She'd have no part of a test made in the east since she knew it wouldn't show her at her best. So Or-

satti brought her to MGM under contract—and without a test.

"Since we're delving into the history of Gloria Grahame so thoroughly," Gloria commented, "I'd like to get one thing straight—and that's about my marriage to Stanley Clements. So much has appeared in the newspapers of late, things that have made me look as though I didn't know my own mind. Gossip columns here in Hollywood too have made me out to be a girl who left her husband, went back to him, left him again, ad nauseam. Everyone seems to want to arrange my life for me. The facts are this—I am getting a divorce, and there has never been any serious thought as far as I'm concerned of any reconciliation."

"My career was in no way responsible for the break-up of my marriage, either. It was simply a case of two people who could never be compatible. The premise of the whole thing was wrong to begin with. It was an impulsive, hasty, wartime marriage. When Stanley was finally able to come home after the war, we found we'd no interests in common. It's the old, old story told a hundred times these last few years. It would have had no different ending, however, I'm sure, if we'd never been separated a moment from our wedding on."

"My experience hasn't embittered me at all about marriage. I shall certainly marry again, but I shall profit by my mistakes the next time."

In the meantime, since her divorce from Stanley Clements, Gloria has married Nicholas Ray, director of RKO's "The Long Denial."

And that's the complete picture of one Gloria Grahame Hollward, her real name. A normal girl who by sheer determination has managed to overcome a self-consciousness which could have sent her into a nose dive instead of zooming up the ladder as she is now!

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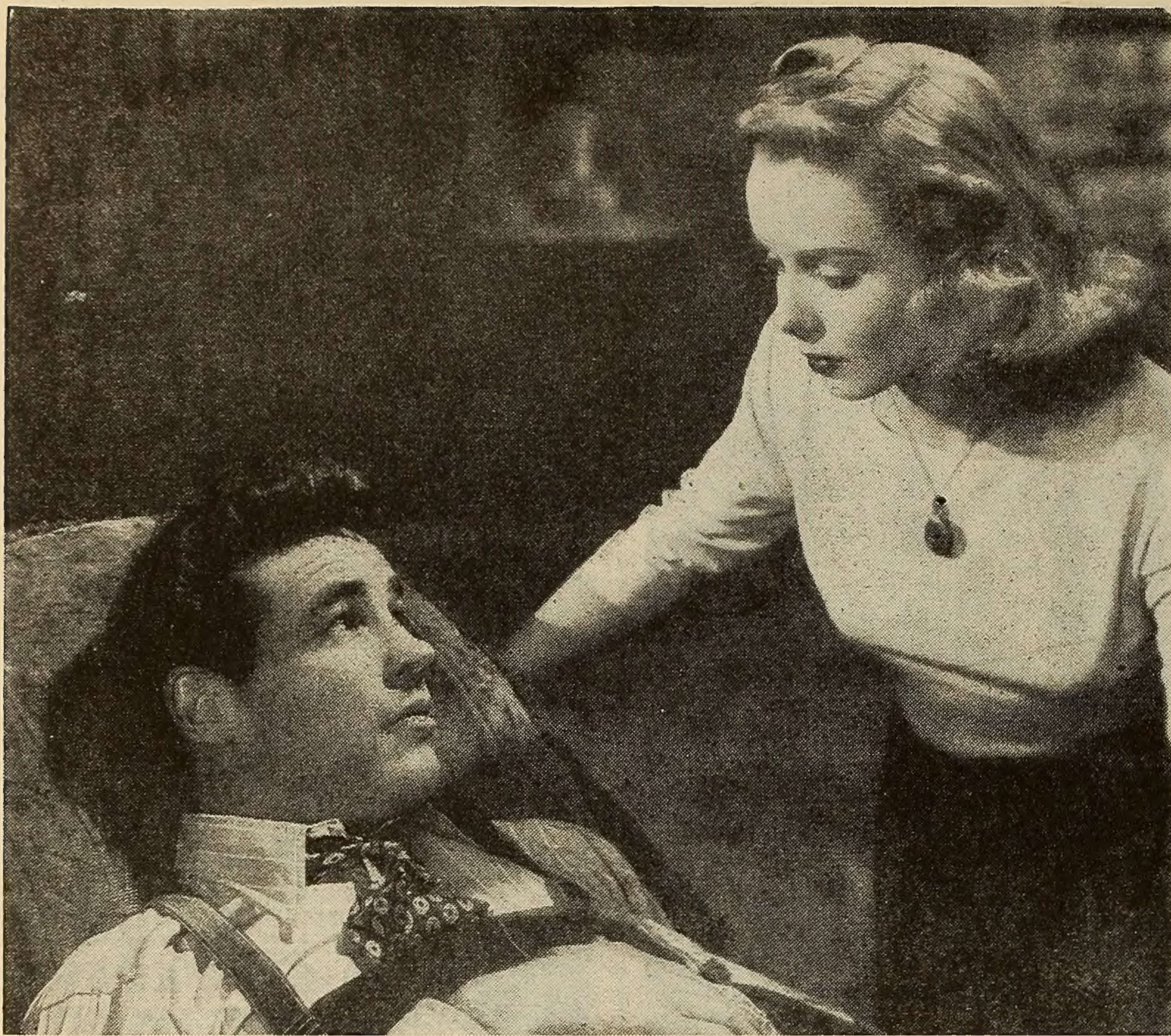
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Sing, America, Sing!

Continued from page 45

patchpanted youngster known to the Lower East Side of New York as "Izzy," exactly 37 cents. But you were to travel, and rapidly, the classic "from rags to riches" road that is the American Way. Four years later, you wrote *Alexander's Ragtime Band* which shot you, overnight, into the front ranks of Tin Pan Alley's troubadours. Since then you have written more than 800 songs. You've written the songs for seventeen Broadway musicals and for eleven Hollywood movies.

If you, the acknowledged dean of American songwriters, would give advice to songwriters and to the singers of songs it would be, every word of it, and so I said to you, pure gold. No one, in all the length and breadth of your *God Bless America* could, very certainly, give it better. But—"I try to avoid giving advice," you told us. You added, with a grin, "I could lay out half a dozen rules for aspiring songwriters and every one of them could be broken by an amateur who would come out with a hit song by *not* taking my advice!"

"It is the easiest thing in the world to write a song. It is the hardest thing in the world to write a *hit* song. Which is tantamount to repeating the old formula that you can teach a man to play the violin, you cannot make a Menuhin of him; that you can teach a man the mechanics of piano, you cannot make a Paderewski of him, and so on." You added "Which, in my opinion, is true. I believe you're born with a talent; *must* be born with it; if not born with it, it cannot be put there. Being born with it, then you apply it, work at it, never stop

"I can only say to songwriters—and this isn't advice, it's a statement of fact—that if you have it, then eventually you make the grade. A natural songwriter, a born songwriter will find a way to a song hit without benefit of training, without agents or radio or Irving Berlin or anyone else.

"I am very realistic about my work. I think songwriting is a great art. When I write a song, I have nothing in mind *but the song*. Some of my songs don't sell a million copies. Many of the songs I was enthusiastic about died a natural death. I still, when I write a song, have nothing in mind but the song.

"Among the songs I've written in my forty years of songwriting *White Christmas*, because it comes around every year but mainly because it was sung, after it was introduced by Bing, by the people, is the most important, commercially. Among my most outstanding if not, who knows, my best songs are, going by results, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, *God Bless America*, *Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning*, *Always*, and *No Business Like Show Business*—which, of the songs I wrote for 'Annie Get Your Gun' is, in my opinion, the most important.

"Often, of course, people turn up their noses at a song just because it is popular. Or they turn their noses up because," you laughed, having your bit of fun, "they have noses that turn up! Speaking seriously, who is to say that the most obvious popular song of today may not be the classic of tomorrow? The songs of Stephen Foster were popular songs in Foster's day. The songs of Shu-

bert were, while he lived, the 'people's' songs—they are as alive today as they were yesterday because today, as yesterday you, the people, love them and sing them. You, the people, keep our songs alive, by singing them, and continuing to sing them you can, indeed, bring to life again a song long dead.

"The interpretation of a song is, of course, important; is very important. But as the song must appeal, so must the singer. Among the interpretations of my songs I love Judy Garland's interpretation of *Better Luck Next Time*, in 'Easter Parade.' Judy Garland's and Fred Astaire's interpretation, singing it together, (also in 'Easter Parade') of *It Only Happens When I Dance With You*. I love Kate Smith's interpretation of *God Bless America*. Perry Como made a record of *What'll I Do?* that I think is just wonderful. No one sings a song the Mary Martin way. She has a conception. *You Can't Get A Man With A Gun* from 'Annie Get Your Gun'—it can't be sung any better than Mary Martin sings it. In 'As Thousands Cheer' Ethel Waters introduced *Heat Wave* and *Harlem on My Mind*—interpretations that were savage and superb. The recording Bing Crosby and Al Jolson made together of *Alexander's Ragtime Band* is a terrific thing. Sinatra sings *Always* as *Always* should always be sung.

"I repeat," you repeated, "that the interpretation of a song is very important, is more than half the success of the song. Which is why it is important to have a Bing, a Como, a Garland introduce a song. On the other hand, a John Schnook can come along and interpret a song so much better than a Crosby, yes, even than a Crosby, that it's frightening.

"What it means is simply that a singer is only as good as the song he sings. And that goes," you said emphatically, "for Garland, for Como, for Crosby. The finest singer that ever raised his voice in song can sing a bad song and although he may give it life, it will be a short life, and eventually it will die. The worst singer that ever offended by lifting his voice in song can sing a dark horse into the race and it will make the Hit Parade. The song," you said then, and meant, "is the thing!"

"By way of graphic illustration, we get around *now*," you smiled, looking up-to-no-good, "to *my* singing. I think I'm a wonderful singer. I wish others agreed with me. Unfortunately, they do not. Among those who do not is an electrician who was working on the set of 'This Is The Army,' the movie Warner Brothers made several years ago. For this picture I made a recording of *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning*. When it was used as a playback for the part I played in the picture, as it was, our electrician said, *If the guy that wrote that song could hear this fellow sing it, he'd turn over in his grave!*"

You added, laughing, "In spite of me, the song lives on—because you, the people, are singing it. Which proves the two points I set out to prove—that the song's the thing and that, for singing songs, you, the people, have the best voice."

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